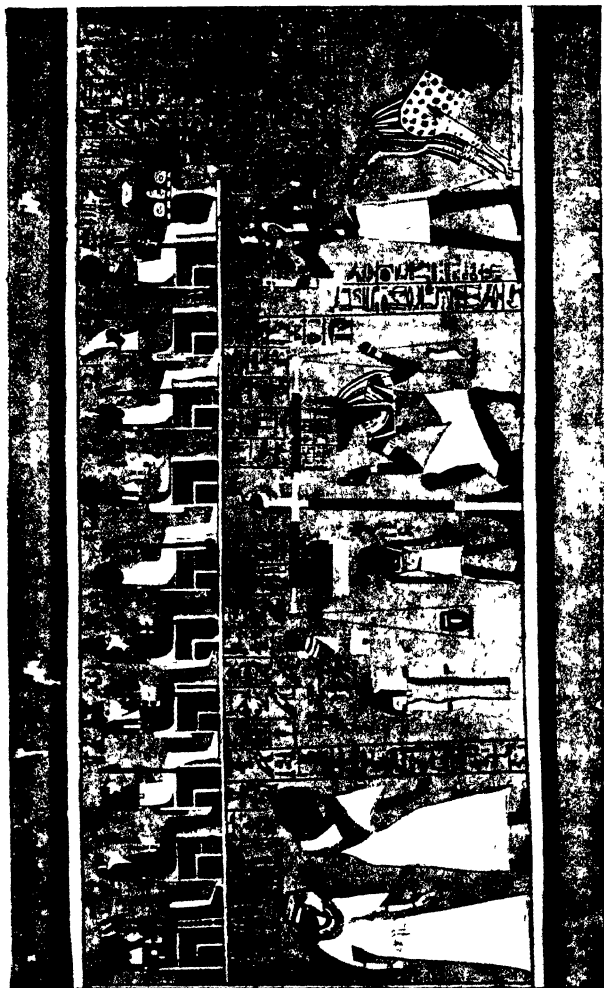


**GREAT PEOPLES OF THE
ANCIENT WORLD**



Anubis weighing the heart of the scribe An in the Great Scales against the feather symbolical of the Law
but Nec Papyrus,

GREAT PEOPLES OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

BY

D. M. VAUGHAN, M.A.

*WITH COLOURED FRONTISPIECE
ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS*

NEW IMPRESSION

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PREFACE

THIS book has been written to introduce its readers to the life of ancient times. The first part consists of the eight descriptive chapters (mostly in story form), and the second of a brief historical summary, bibliography, a few notes, a map and a time chart, for the use of teachers and any older readers who may care to take it up. It is hoped that this arrangement will stimulate the pupil's interest, while providing any teacher who may feel the need of it with a little help in sketching in background, linking up the periods described, or dealing with questions provoked by the stories.

While the material has been for the most part put into the form of life-histories of imaginary characters, every care has been taken to make the pictures of events, customs, dress, etc., as accurate as possible, by verifying all details from historical and archæological sources. In this connection my warmest thanks are due to Professor J. L. Myres, of Oxford, whom I have had the privilege of consulting on several points; Professor T. E. Peet, of Liverpool University, who has kindly helped me with the chapter on Egypt; and, above all, to Professor Garstang, Director of the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem, who has given me invaluable advice and criticism on the work as a whole,

and supplied me with materials (particularly for Chapter V.) which would otherwise have been inaccessible to me. The shortcomings of the book must be attributed entirely to my own inability to make the best use of the help so generously given.

My grateful indebtedness to authors and publishers for the use of illustrations kindly supplied from their works is acknowledged beneath the blocks.

DOROTHY M. VAUGHAN.

LIVERPOOL,
September, 1924.

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“Let us now praise famous men . . .
Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms,
Men renowned for their power . . .
Leaders of the people by their counsels, . . .
Such as found out musical tunes,
And recited verses in writing ;
Rich men furnished with ability,
Living peaceably in their habitations :
All these were honoured in their generations,
And were the glory of their times.
There be of them that have left a name behind them,
That their praises might be reported.
And some there be which have no memorial ;
Which are perished, as though they had never been.”

ECCLESIASTICUS, xliv.

“These are the researches of Herodotus of Halikarnassus, which he publishes, in the hope of thereby preserving from decay the remembrance of what men have done, and of preventing the great and wonderful actions of the Greeks and the Barbarians from losing their due meed of glory.”

HERODOTUS, Bk. 1.



Men of the desert arriving in Egypt.
(From Breasted's "Ancient Times." Ginn & Co.)

GREAT PEOPLES OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

CHAPTER I

THE WANDERING PEOPLES

It is always pleasant, at the end of a journey, to meet some one we know. And to-day we have to travel many hundreds of miles to the eastwards, far away from our own land, and at the same time to go back through four thousand years towards the beginnings of man's life on earth. Of course such a tremendous journey will take us into very strange times and places ; so probably you will be glad to meet some one you know about when we arrive.

When our minds have travelled through all these miles and years, we are in a land of low rolling hills, bare and treeless, far from the sea, and looking at first empty of people. There are no towns, no smoky chimneys, no walled gardens or ploughed fields with hedges round them. But in the distance we see a group of tents, and a number of sheep and goats are grazing near. Then shepherds come from the encampment

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and begin to round up part of the flocks, ready to be driven away from the rest. Several of the tents are taken down and packed on the backs of donkeys. Other donkeys are loaded with what seem to be the belongings of a few people who are leaving the little camp and going away by themselves, and those people are saying good-bye now, outside the biggest tent, to the relatives they are leaving behind. It is Abraham and his little band, going out from his country and his kindred and his father's house, into a land he had never seen.

We can all read the story of Abraham in the Book of Genesis, so there is no need to tell it again here. But have you ever thought of it, not simply as "a Bible story," but as a picture of real life in far-off times and countries? That is how we are going to think of it now.

Abraham and his family belonged to a great race of men called Semites, whose home was in Northern Arabia. Everybody knows that a great deal of Arabia is desert; for miles and miles there may be nothing but bare rock or blown sand, where no rain falls, no rivers rise, and nothing can grow. But there are other parts where people can live. On the hills there is mist and rain or even snow sometimes, and the moisture that falls collects here and there in hollows and forms pools, or fills the dry torrent-beds with streams that soon dry up again, so that for a while grass and plants spring up and flourish. In these parts people can keep flocks and herds, or even cultivate the ground for part of the year; but as the animals eat up the pasture and drink the pools dry very quickly, they have to be always on the move. In the days we are thinking of, they had no roads or railways to travel by; they had not even horses or camels for a long time, but only sheep and oxen and asses; and they had no maps or compasses to guide them, but steered by the hills and other landmarks in daylight, and at night by the stars that shine so

brightly in the clear desert air. They did not wander aimlessly about ; they knew where the stretches of pasture lay, and travelled from one to another according to the season.

People who live in this way do not want to be burdened with heavy possessions, so their dwelling is a tent, made from the animals' skins, or cloth woven from their wool, and their furniture consists of a few rugs and mats and cushions to sit or lie on, and leather bags and bottles for the milk foods on which they chiefly live. Abraham and thousands of others lived this simple nomadic life, in the desert and on its fringes, and in the same lands men are living in the same way to-day.

When we first hear of Abraham he is travelling about with his father Terah, his wife, and a nephew Lot, whose father was already dead. Terah was the head of the family, and would guide and rule the little band as long as he lived ; later on Abraham in the same way was the head of his party. This was the only government these Semitic tribes knew, as long as they had no settled homes ; they went about in family groups, and the father or grandfather of each family was its only master. But when they began to settle down and build cities, where a great many families lived together, they had to arrange matters rather differently, and have one chief or king to be ruler over all the heads of families.

We do not hear of Abraham ever living actually in the desert, and if we follow him in his wanderings we see that he moves about among great settled nations. Almost the first thing we read is that the family belonged to the neighbourhood of Ur, later called " of the Chaldees," which is one of the oldest cities on earth. It was over two thousand years old in Abraham's day, and had been built, with several other famous towns, by a very civilized people, the Sumerians, who lived about the mouths of the Euphrates and Tigris (which were

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separate in those days). It was a very important place, and had famous temples in and near it, where they worshipped a god of the Moon; they were strongly built of brick and finely decorated.

Then we read of Abraham going down into Egypt, and having to do with the Pharaoh there, whose name, however, we are not told. Egypt had long been settled and civilized, and the Pyramids were already old at this time. In Canaan Abraham found many lesser kings ruling in their cities, and he bought the only piece of ground he ever owned, the field where he made his wife's grave, from some Hittites who were settled in that country. The Hittites belonged to a nation that was going to be great and famous in a few centuries, but in those days they were only becoming known to the civilized peoples, and that is why their king is called in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, Tidal King of "Goyyim," which is a Hebrew word meaning Foreigners or Strangers. Tidal (whose name in his own language was Tudhālia), King of the Strangers, was an ally of three other kings in a great battle; they were the kings of Ellasar and Elam (a country near the mouth of the Tigris), and "Amraphel King of Shinar," the Hebrew way of naming Hammurabi of Babylon, a very great king whom we shall hear more about later. So Abraham and the other kingless wanderers of Arabia were by no means living in an empty world, but were in touch with the chief nations of the times in which they lived. Indeed, the Semites played a very important part in history, for a reason we shall now see.

We know that Abraham believed that God had specially promised him that his descendants should one day leave the desert with its hardships and own a pleasant country of rich fields and flowers—"a land flowing with milk and honey"—where they would be much better off; and the promise was fulfilled when

several hundred years later the Children of Israel came out of Egypt by the way of the wilderness and settled down in Canaan. But the Jews were not the only people who left the desert and came to dwell in a "good land" in this way, though they were the only ones who had any religious beliefs about doing so. The Canaanites and the Amorites and the men of Babylon and Assyria were all Semitic peoples who had come out of the wilderness at different times; and when we remember what life in the desert was like, we are not surprised to find that all through history men have tried to push their way out of North Arabia into the fertile countries round about.

They did it in two ways. Nearly all the time the Semites were coming gradually to the desert edges and settling there, a few at a time, in this way. Even in the earliest times they used to call at the towns and villages as they passed near them, in order to exchange spare animals or sheepskins for metal weapons or anything they wanted and could not make for themselves. Then they noticed that people in one town often admired some article which came from another place, whether it was for sale or not, so they took to buying things which they did not want themselves, simply to sell again in another village. In this way some of the Semites became traders, and special parties or "caravans" used to make extra journeys, not in search of pasture, but carrying goods for sale. In order to travel faster and do more business, the merchants then began to leave their wives and families and flocks in some safe convenient place near their starting-point, and in this way their first settlements were made, either in the cities that were already there, or in new ones built by the Semites themselves. They also came out of the desert every now and then in great numbers, when a series of dry seasons had made pasture scarcer than usual, or had dried up some

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of the wells. At these times there would be a regular invasion of the fertile countries, to which the people already settled there naturally objected, even if they were themselves Semites and the descendants of men who had done just the same thing a few centuries before.

In later days the Jews thought that the times and ways of Abraham were the best they had ever known, but as a rule the settled peoples rather looked down on the nomads. There is an Egyptian story which shows this in rather an interesting way. It is called "The Romance of Sinuhe," and describes the adventures of an Egyptian noble who, having some reason to fear the king's anger, fled away and took refuge in the desert. The Egyptians had built a fort to protect their land from the "sand-dwellers," as they called them, but Sinuhe managed to escape past the guards by night. Next day, when nearly dead of heat and thirst, he heard the lowing of cattle, and a band of men from the desert came up and saved him. They gave him water and boiled milk, and took him away with them. Wishing to get as far from Egypt as possible, he was handed on from tribe to tribe, and at last came to the lands of a chief who was already sheltering some other Egyptian refugees. This chief was very good to him, gave him a rich piece of land for his use, and married him to his daughter. In return Sinuhe helped him in his wars, so that all his enemies "trembled in their pastures by their wells." Thus the Egyptian lived for many years as a regular bedouin sheikh; his friend and protector sent him daily rations of bread and wine, cooked meat and roast fowls, much butter, and milk prepared in every kind of way; and he spent the time fighting, hunting, helping travellers, rescuing the lost, and punishing robbers. He was once challenged to single combat by a native champion who was jealous of this fortunate foreigner; Sinuhe was victorious, killed his enemy, and took his tent and his cattle and

all his possessions. His sons grew up and prospered likewise.

But as he grew old he became homesick for Egypt and its comfortable ways. He wanted cool clothing of fine linen, a proper bed to sleep in, baths and ointments and such things, which were unknown in the desert. Above all, he hated the idea of dying among the bedouins, and being buried like one of them, wrapped in a sheep-skin, in a sandy grave, instead of having a splendid funeral and a fine stone tomb such as his countrymen had. So at last he wrote to the king, asking permission to return home; and it is quite pleasant to know that he was welcomed back, and nothing worse happened to him than to be teased by the other nobles at court about his foreign manners.

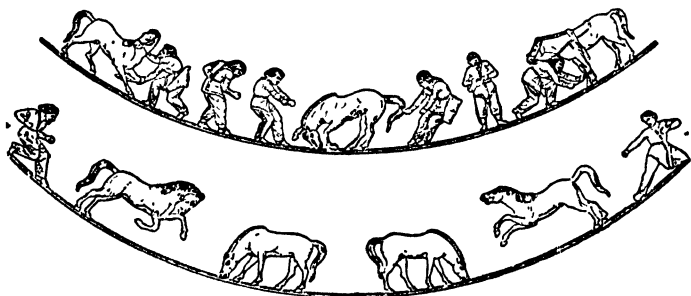
* * * * *

The Semites of Arabia were not the only wanderers without kings. Far away to the north, in the southern parts of the countries which we now call Russia and Siberia, there lay another great stretch of country where people could best live by constantly moving about. On this vast grassland, many hundreds of miles from east to west, lived a great number of nomadic tribes who are called the Aryan or Indo-European peoples. They were better off than the Semites in several ways. Their home was much bigger than Arabia, so that they had more room; in fact, it was so large that when they had spread all over it, the tribes at opposite ends never saw each other, and grew very different in their language and religion, though there was always a family likeness between them. Then their land was nowhere so barren as the worst parts of Arabia, and in places was very fertile, so that some were able to settle down and cultivate their own country, and we find that they were fonder of farming and less interested in trade than the Semites. Near by there were forests, so that they learnt to fell

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trees and make houses and carts with the timber. Lastly, and perhaps most important of all, in the eastern parts of this grassland there roamed herds of wild horses, which the Aryans gradually learnt to tame and use. They rode them, harnessed them to their wooden carts, and had the milk of the mares for food, so that they could travel more quickly than the men of Arabia with their donkeys and slow-moving herds of sheep and goats.

But in spite of these advantages the Aryans were no more content to stay in their own land than the Semites were. Some parts of it were certainly poor and barren,



Scythians taming horses.

(From Minns' "Scythians and Greeks." Cambridge Press.)

and no doubt there were times of drought when the tribes who lived there found that they could stay no longer because of lack of rain, just as in Arabia. We all know what happens when a few people in the middle of a crowd begin pushing to get out; they disturb everybody, even those on the edge. The Aryans seem to have been disturbed from within rather in the same way, and so we find the outermost tribes pushing or being pushed southwards, towards the very regions which the Semites tried to enter. Thus, although at first the Northerners, as we shall call them, were a long way from Mesopotamia or Syria or Egypt, in time those lands were attacked from

both sides. (The map opposite page 158 with the arrows will help to explain this.)

We might wonder why the Aryans did not spread out over the flat lands northwards and westwards, instead of turning southwards towards the great mountain barrier of Greece and Asia Minor and Iran. Probably they had two very good reasons. First, though they had no books or newspapers or cinemas to tell them about foreign countries, they must have known that the lands to the south were warmer and pleasanter than those to the north. Secondly, they depended a great deal on their herds, and did not want to change their way of living, though some of them had to do so by degrees. There were mountains to the south, certainly, but you can take cattle and horses up one valley and down another across hills ; and in the north in those days there were dense forests, where it is no use trying to take droves of animals. As a matter of fact, some Aryan tribes did make their way northwards and westwards ; but they went into lands where history does not begin till a good deal later, and so we do not hear about them.

We have no stories about the Northerners in their own old home, like those about Abraham and Sinuhe ; they could not read or write, and for a long time were not visited by any one who could do so, and so the stories of their early days were forgotten. But as the centuries passed, there came out of that dim unknown land some of the greatest races in history. The chief of these in ancient times were the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans ; and though there is no space in this little book to tell anything of the Greeks and Romans, the stories of these three nations and their doings are some of the finest that ever were written.

If you look at the page before the beginning of this chapter, you will see quoted there the opening words of the oldest history-book in the world, the History of

Herodotus. Herodotus was the author who wrote down in that book the account of a famous war between the Greeks and the Persians, which we shall hear something about later. He was the first to tell that great tale, but who will be the last to tell it no one knows ; for it is one that will never be forgotten while the world lasts. The same is true of some of the Roman stories. But they are all more interesting if you know something of what happened beforehand ; and that is really why this book has been written.

CHAPTER II

THE GOLDEN AGE OF BABYLON

WE have heard already of the king who ruled Babylon in the days of Abraham ; here is a picture of him, with



Photo W. A. Mansell & Co. (British Museum.)

Hammurabi.

"Hammurabi, the minister of Anu, the servant of Bel, the beloved of Shamash, the shepherd who delighteth Marduk's heart ; the mighty king, the king of Babylon, king of Sumer and Akkad, king of the Four Quarters of the World, the king who hath built anew the shrines of the great gods . . . the founder of the land . . . am I."

some of the titles of honour which he used. In his time Babylon was becoming a great city, though it was not yet a very old one. It had not been one of the ancient Sumerian towns like Ur (p. 3), but had only become important when some of Hammurabi's ancestors made their way out of the desert, conquered part of the Euphrates valley, and took Babylon for their capital. But it remained a very important place all through ancient times, partly because it was in a splendid position for trade, and partly because of the good start which this wise king gave it.

Let us imagine that we are travellers visiting the city one day while Hammurabi is king. We are standing looking round us in an open square, where a market is being held. It is crowded with people buying and selling, and here and there merchants from a distance are unloading the donkeys they have driven in, laden mostly with dates and rolls of woollen cloth. The folk around us vary in looks, in dress, and in speech. Some of the men are shaven, and wear a short skirt and a mantle thrown over the left shoulder, reminding us of a Highlander's kilt and plaid. They are the conquered race, the Sumerians, and they still speak their own old language, but there is no longer any ill-feeling between them and the tall, bearded Semites who mingle with them, closely wrapped in long robes. Indeed, the Sumerians were at first the more civilized people, and their conquerors have been wise enough to make friends with them and learn all they could from them.

As we watch the crowd, we see that the women move about freely and are not kept shut up in their houses. Some of the rich ladies are very gorgeous with their flounced dresses and gold ornaments, ear-rings, finger-rings, and heavy bangles, and their little train of slaves in attendance. We notice that nearly every well-dressed gentleman has some small object tied to his wrist by a

fine cord. A group of prosperous-looking traders are standing near us, discussing prices and prospects, and planning to go partners in a business venture to Egypt. Another man joins them, and holds his hand up proudly to show his friends what is fastened to his wrist, so we see it too. It is a new seal-cylinder, which the jeweller has just finished for him; a small rounded piece of dark-green serpentine, about an inch and a quarter long, beautifully engraved with a scene from the Babylonian sacred stories, and threaded on a length of fine gold wire. All his friends admire it, but one of them points out that the wire is not quite securely fastened, and the owner says he will have it seen to at once. It would be very serious if he lost it, for the impression of a man's seal is the same thing as his signature or private trade-mark, and with it he signs the letters which a secretary probably writes for him because he cannot write himself, receipts his bills, stamps his goods, and perhaps even "locks up" his house or shop by securing the door with a pat of clay sealed with his sign—for locks and keys are unknown.

One of the other merchants now leaves the group and hurries away, and we observe how respectfully two lightly-clad working-men, lounging outside a beer-shop close at hand, make way for him. In Babylon distinctions of rank are very strictly observed. Men of a higher class had certain privileges, but on the other hand they were liable to be more severely punished for certain crimes, and they were obliged by law to pay their doctor a higher fee.

Now we hear two ladies chatting behind us. One of them describes a fine wedding-feast at which she has lately been a guest, and speaks of the handsome dowry which the bride's father had given her—a beautiful set of gold ornaments, a house and garden of her own, and several slaves. She asks her companion if she knows

whether it is true that the daughter of a well-known citizen has really decided to join an order of temple-votaressees instead of getting married as every one expected. But the other lady does not know, and confesses that she is too anxious about her husband's affairs to be interested in such gossip. It seems he is a merchant who has been unfortunate in business of late, and only this morning news has come that his agent, travelling with valuable goods, has been robbed and murdered by the wild men of the desert, which means another heavy loss. After this tale of woe it is pleasant to overhear a poor woman joyfully telling a friend that her husband, who was only a slave when she married him, has just saved up enough to buy his freedom, and is now his own master.

We leave the market-place and stroll along one of the streets, which are mostly straight, cutting each other at right angles. The government sees to it that the people keep them clean. The houses are built of brick, one story high, and roofed with brushwood laid upon poles and covered with beaten clay. People often sleep on the flat house-tops in hot weather. The lower courses are usually of hard kiln-baked brick, but the upper parts are of brick which has only been dried in the sun, and as there has been heavy rain recently repairs are needed here and there. A very severe law made at this time shows that Babylon suffered from jerry-building. We see no stone houses, for here the rock lies far below the rich soil which the rivers bring down year by year, too deep to be quarried. We venture to peep into one small house, and find that the furniture is very simple—several chairs of a sort, a bed in one corner, a big double water-jar which filters the water in it, some plates, and two or three bowls. But the pottery is not very pretty or interesting, and the family's chief treasure seems to be a big copper pot.

As we go on our way we meet two men leading a large

animal with some difficulty up the street. The beast creates quite a sensation, though you and I know it well ; small boys call to each other to come and see it, and even grown people look at it with curiosity. They call it "the ass of the east," or "ass of the mountains," and wonder whether it is really as strong and useful as an ox or a donkey ; for in Babylonia men are just beginning to know the horse.

The street leads down to the river bank, and we find another busy scene, for boats of various sizes and shapes are passing up and down, or loading or discharging cargo. They bring corn and dates, timber from far upstream, and jars of oil. Two boatmen, managing a heavily-laden craft unskilfully, bring her into collision with another, tied up to the quay ; some damage is done, and a hot dispute follows as to whose fault it is, for the boatmen have to make good any losses to the owner of the cargo. Very likely there will be a lawsuit about it, so, not wishing to be summoned as witnesses, we hurry away. Some distance off, a tower excites our curiosity, and making our way towards it, we soon find ourselves at the gates of Babylon's chief temple, E-sagila, the "lofty house" of the great city-god Marduk.

Before we go in, we had better pause for a moment and think about religion in the ancient world generally, for we must not imagine that it meant then what it means to us to-day. Religion in these far-off times had often very little to do with questions of right and wrong, and was largely concerned with what we might call ways of "managing" the gods, and obtaining good gifts from them by various means. Most early peoples believed that there were mighty unseen beings in the world who controlled nature and human life in one way or other, sending sunshine or rain, good harvests and increase of cattle, or perhaps victory in war or other good fortune. If the god was angry, he would send evil instead ; and

in any case he would only help and fight for the city or tribe who worshipped him. To please such deities, a man did not need to live what we should call a good life, he had only to offer the proper sacrifices and go through the ceremonies which the god expected. Some gods and goddesses were even believed to demand from their worshippers acts which we should consider positively sinful, such as wild drunken feasts in their honour, or the cruel sacrifice of little children. In Babylon, however, men had outgrown this stage, and thought that the great gods at least were lovers of justice and righteousness; but they believed in lesser spirits as well, who were evil and cruel.

The most important of the gods worshipped in Babylonia were Anu, the god of the sky, Enlil, the earth-spirit, and Ea, who ruled the waters. Enlil, whose chief temple was at a city called Nippur, was at first considered the head of all the gods, and was therefore called "Bel," or Lord; but in Babylon men gave this title to Marduk, and held him in the highest reverence. Ea was said to have come up from the sea to teach men



Shamash appearing over the mountains.

(From Ward's "Seal-Cylinders of Western Asia.")

how to live in civilized ways. Hammurabi's subjects also adored Shamash the sun-god, who was thought of as the rising sun coming forth from the gates of dawn and appearing over the mountains, and also as a righteous judge and lover of just dealing (see p. 25). There was a god of the moon as well, Sin, who had a great shrine at Ur. A god of storms was known as Adad; and a gloomy, destructive deity Nergal, with his wife

Ereshkigal, was said to rule the underworld where the spirits of men went after death. The other gods had wives as well as Nergal, but they were not considered very important, and the chief goddess was always Ishtar, the queen of love and war.

Many stories were told of these divinities. Marduk, it was said, had won his place as chief over the three older gods (Anu, Ea, and Enlil) because in the war with Chaos at the beginning of all things he slew the dragon Tiamat and made the earth ready for men. Afterwards mankind so displeased their makers that Bel sent a great

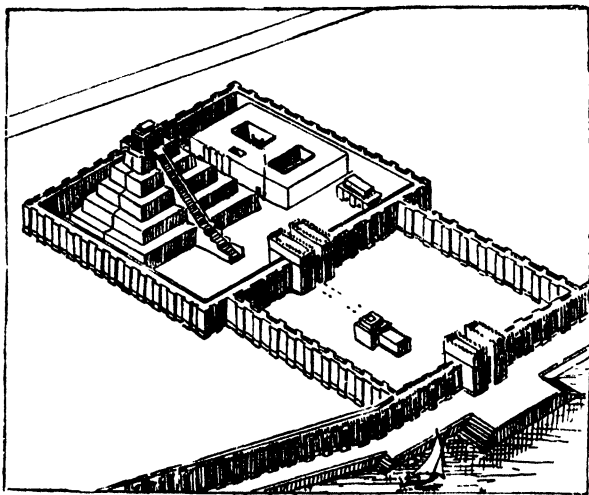


Ishtar, Lady of Battles.

(From Ward's "Seal-Cylinders of Western Asia.")

flood to drown them all, but Ea, kindest of the gods, saved one man and his family alive. One tale told how Ishtar, whose husband Tammuz had died, made her way down to the dark realms of Nergal, and passing the seven gates of his seven-walled citadel, at last rescued Tammuz from him and his cruel queen. Another related how Ishtar once loved the hero Gilgamesh, and then, hating him because he scorned her, sent all manner of

evils upon him. After fighting lions and passing through many other trials sent by the angry goddess, Gilgamesh came to the Islands of the Blest, and was near obtaining immortal life both for himself and mankind, but failed in the end. The Babylonians had very gloomy views about death and the hereafter. They thought that unless a man were properly buried with a supply of food and drink beside him, he would wander on earth as a restless



Babylonian Temple (restored).

(By permission of the Medical Society, Limited.)

hungry ghost. In spite of this idea, however, they did not make very durable or elaborate tombs. But as a rule they thought that the spirit went to Nergal's kingdom, the "Land of No Return," a dull, misty place somewhere beneath the earth, where all the spirits, bad or good, lived a shadowy half-life together.

Now let us enter the temple of Marduk. It consists of the great step-like tower or ziggurat, and several other

buildings, enclosed in a large courtyard. All the buildings are of brick, but they stand on a high mound, out of reach of the floods. To the Babylonians a temple was, so to speak, the palace of the god, where he lived, unseen, very much the same sort of life as the visible king, needing fine rooms, splendid furniture, and the service of many priests, just as the king required a royal household. In the central shrine stands the great image of Bel-Marduk, before which the chief ceremonies are performed. Every ruler of Babylon in turn has to grasp the hands of this statue before he can be considered the rightful king, and again at every New Year's feast throughout his reign. The courtyard is crowded, and does not suggest our idea of a holy place. Here and there worshippers are bringing animals for sacrifice, and oil to pour on the altar. There is a little crowd round a flat slab or "stele" of stone on which is engraved the king's great code of law; men are consulting it before engaging in lawsuits, or finding out the legal rate of wages due to them, or perhaps, fearing they have broken one of its regulations, are anxiously looking to see what is the penalty. In one place men are waiting in twos and threes to have business contracts or other legal documents drawn up by the priests. This is partly because it is not every one who can write, and partly because it is the priests who know the proper forms, and will make the contract legal and binding, having a religious sanction. We watch them at work; the contracting parties say what they have agreed to, and the



Bringing offerings in a temple.

(From Ward's "Seal-Cylinders of Western Asia.")

priest writes it down on a moist clay tablet with a sharp stylus in "cuneiform" or wedge-shaped characters ;

Old Babylonian.	Assyrian.	New Babylonian.	Meaning.
			"god."
			"day."
			"house."

Cuneiform signs, showing differences in different times and places.

(From *British Museum Guide*.)

the others then produce their seals and stamp it. The tablet is then baked to harden it. If the document is a letter, it is powdered with dry clay, wrapped in a clay envelope and addressed, before being baked.

After seeing this we are not surprised to find priests sitting as judges to hear legal cases, in another part of the building. Sometimes the king himself acts as judge when the matter is serious or important. We pause and listen to one or two of the cases which the priests are trying. One concerns the rent of a field which was to be paid out of the crop, and is not forthcoming. Another is an inquiry as to who shall bear the loss of several missing sheep ; the shepherd who is responsible says a lion carried them off, but the owner does not seem to believe this explanation. In a third case, a gentleman is suing a surgeon for damages, because he has treated some eye-trouble for one of his slaves so unskilfully that the man has lost his sight altogether, and is, of course, useless to his owner. Stranger still to our ideas, we come across a merchant who is borrowing money from the

temple revenues through one of the priests ; for the temples owned lands and flocks and herds, and the priests carried on banking business with the money they received. In fact, in Babylonia and all Semitic lands, the temples were centres of trade and money affairs, as well as of religion, and this helps to explain why the Jews, even two thousand years later, saw nothing wrong in using their sanctuary for business purposes.

Still exploring, we find a school, where the priests again are teachers. Some of the scholars are learning to read and write, not only their own, but the ancient Sumerian characters, in which many of the sacred books were written. Others are being taught the stories of the creation of the world and the doings of the gods. Mathematics are also being studied, for the Babylonians had a regular system of weights and measures, and used the division of the circle into 360 degrees, just as we do. The priests also teach astronomy, but it is a good deal mixed up with astrology—that is, the art of foretelling the future by the stars. And here is a man who is expounding a very strange subject to his class. He is showing them another method of divination, very much practised in Babylon. It was believed that the future could be foretold by studying the markings on the liver of a sheep slain for sacrifice ; these markings vary in each animal, and were supposed to have certain meanings. The future priests are learning how to interpret these by means of a model, rather like a modern palmist's or phrenologist's chart. These practical, businesslike people still hold a strong belief in magic, and besides knowing how to foretell the future, a priest has also to learn the incantations and ceremonies which he would have to use if called upon to drive away one of the demons who were supposed to bring ill-luck or sickness.

It is getting very hot here amongst the crowds and in the stuffy buildings ; let us go down to the quays again

and take boat on one of the canals, to get out into the country. Soon we are away from the town and passing by pleasant country houses with gardens and orchards. We are on one of the main canals, and meet many other boats, some rather like rafts, some round like coracles. One kind of boat, made of skins stretched over a wooden frame, always carries a donkey. We ask why, and our boatman tells us that these skiffs come from the Tigris, and that the owner means to sell the timber, which is scarce in Babylonia, and carry the skins, and anything else he may buy, home again on the donkey's back. The country is a perfect network of canals, large and small ; some are no more than ditches leading water away to the fields. It does not rain much except in the winter, and without irrigation the fertile soil would bear no crops. Here and there we pass simple machines, worked by oxen, for raising the water from the streams to the level of the plough-land. Fishermen, sitting on the banks, seem to catch plenty of fish.

We leave the main canal, and after a while, turning a corner, we find we can go no further, for the canal bank has slipped in, and all traffic is stopped. On the far side of the obstruction quite a number of boats are collected, waiting to continue their journey. Most of the boatmen take the delay calmly, but two tired-looking travellers are pacing up and down on the bank, looking anxious and impatient. When they see our boat they beckon to us ; we draw in to the side, and they come and ask whether we would object to waiting here while our boatman takes them on to the capital, for they are witnesses in an important trial, specially summoned by the king, who has bidden them travel day and night. As we are only sight-seers, we agree gladly, and leaving the boat we climb the bank to get a better view.

The country is flat and well-cultivated. Date-palms grow in large numbers, but they are almost the only

trees to be seen. There are villages dotted about, little groups of mud-brick houses, or huts made of bundles of reeds tied together. Men are ploughing with a wooden plough drawn by oxen. A little way off we catch sight of a body of men approaching. As they come nearer, we see that they are nearly naked, and are yoked together two and two like animals, in charge of several drivers. They are the public slaves, convicts or prisoners taken in war, and they are kept busy on forced labours for the city. They have been sent to dig out the canal, that the boats may pass once more. As they halt and set to work, we notice one man particularly, because of his weary, sullen face ; he is evidently not used to hard outdoor work in the hot sun. One of the boatmen tells us that a few weeks ago he was a royal official, but being found guilty of defrauding the king and oppressing the poor he was deprived of his office and sent to hard labour. Hammurabi, "beloved of Shamash," the righteous god, is not a king to tolerate injustice to his people.

We leave the slave-gang at work and turn away from the canal, and at last, following the directions of a peasant, we strike a track that will take us back to the city on foot. Before long we meet a party of soldiers on the march, armed with bows and arrows, axes, lances, and short curved swords. Soon afterwards we overtake some men who are driving a few sheep and cattle towards Babylon. It is their way of paying taxes, for money is not much used yet. The animals will be added to the royal flocks and herds, in which the king takes a great interest. The royal shepherds have to keep accounts and bring them at times to be inspected. At sheep-shearing time there is a great gathering held. All this reminds us that it is not long since the race that now rules in Babylon were tent-dwellers and shepherds like Abraham. In the same way their habit of burying the

dead in a simple grave, wrapped in a mat of plaited reeds (before they learnt to use two large jars placed end to end as a coffin), reminds us of that kind of funeral, the prospect of which was so disliked by Sinuhe.

At last we are back in Babylon, and we feel that we should like to see this King Hammurabi, of whom we have heard so much. But on inquiring where we can see him we hear that he is away at the war, fighting his old enemies in the south. He has to spend a good deal of his time in fighting, we are told, but for all that he finds time to do much for his people's welfare. Babylon is proud of her king, and well she may be. He has cut a great new canal to bring unfailing water for Sumer and Akkad, and he sees to it that the old ones are well kept, each village doing its share. He has had a fine granary built, and fortifications where needed. He is a very active ruler, and messengers are always hastening with his clay-tablet letters to and fro in his kingdom, so that his officials are kept under strict control and do their duty properly. Above all, it is his wish to give justice to every one, and to protect the weak, the widow, and the orphan. That is why he has made his scribes write down the ancient laws of the country, together with some new ones, and has set the great code in Marduk's temple for all to see.

We glanced at the stone before in passing, but now, before night falls, let us go back to E-sagila and look at it once again. There it stands, with its columns of lettering crowned by the carving of King Hammurabi himself, standing reverently before Shamash, the god who had taught him to love righteousness. It is a finer monument, surely, than any picture of battle and conquest. This king is not one who delights in war, though he is a good fighter at need, and he never boasts of his conquests. Instead, he is proud to say of himself, "I collected the scattered peoples . . . in abundance and plenty I pas-

tured them, and I caused them to dwell in a peaceful habitation."



Hammurabi before Shamash.

(From British Museum Guide to Babylonian Collection.)

With Hammurabi's death the best days of Babylon

came to an end. The city kept its great trade, because of its position, but was constantly beset by enemies, and often in subjection to a more warlike nation. Centuries later she blossomed out afresh for a short time in great splendour, and then we shall hear of her doings again. But for the present we must leave Babylon and pass on to another famous land.

CHAPTER III

THE SUBJECTS OF KING MINOS OF CRETE

SOME five or six centuries later than the days of Abraham and King Hammurabi, and rather nearer to our own land, a little town lay on the shores of a beautiful bay in Crete. The people who lived there had a lovely view before them, whichever way they turned. To the north was the clear blue bay with its rocky shores, one island peeping over the shoulder of another near the opening, and the wide sea beyond. Inland there were first the fields in the valley, and then the hillsides—steep, bare, stony slopes in places, but elsewhere covered with woods. Westward, in the distance, rose a higher peak, Mount Dicté, with a crown of shining snow. No one knows what the town was called in those times, but nowadays it is spoken of as Gournia ; and in one of its narrow streets, many centuries ago, there lived a carpenter and his wife and children. The man's name was Theras, and he worked busily at his trade, sometimes for his neighbours, and sometimes for the nobleman who lived in the big house in the middle of the town. There were three children, a boy about ten, whose name was Æthon ; his sister Æthra, about seven ; and a brother called Merion, who was only a baby still. Their mother, of course, was kept busy looking after them and the house.

The life of this family was in some ways very like ours, in others, of course, very different. The street in which their house stood was very narrow, because

people did not use horses or carriages in Crete at that time, and broad roads would have been just a waste of space, besides letting in too much of the hot summer sun ; so it was only five feet wide, but it was well paved with stone. The house was built of stone below and brick and timber above ; its wall rose up straight from the street without any garden or railing. Inside there were six or seven rooms, rather oddly arranged, because the house, like a great many others in this hilly land, stood on a slope, and had two storeys in front and three at the back. So Theras could get into the big cellar which he used as a workshop and storeroom either downstairs from the kitchen or by the back door which opened straight into it. You could not see much from the front windows, because of the houses so close opposite, but from the back you could look out over the bay and see the fishing-boats go in and out, and sometimes a bigger ship taking shelter from a storm.

If you and I could somehow fly back through the centuries and visit that house, I think we should find it very small and empty. The first thing we should miss would probably be the fireplace, for in Crete it was warm enough to do without a fixed hearth, a brazier full of charcoal gave all the heat that was needed even in winter. Even in the kitchen there was no range, but just a place where you could make a fire of sticks to heat up a big three-legged pot. Their cooking was very simple. They ate a good deal of fish, which was easily to be had, and fruit, and drank wine or water.

In the living-rooms there was not much furniture. There was probably oiled parchment in the windows instead of glass, but there may have been little curtains across them. There were small tables and low seats, but the Minoans, as the Cretan people of that time are called, very often just sat on the floor. There were no books like ours on the shelves, though the Minoans could

read and write ; no piano, no photographs, no mechanical contrivances of any kind. Theras had made most of the wooden furniture himself, for in those days people did far more for themselves than we do now. At night they used oil lamps, flat open dishes with one or two wicks floating in the oil ; some had handles for carrying about, others stood on tall carved standards.

Theras and the other Minoan men dressed very simply, in a waist-cloth held up by a thick belt, and a pair of boots, with a cloak about their shoulders at times. Theras had a " best " waist-cloth of beautiful embroidered material, and a belt with a gold clasp. His wife's dress was more elaborate ; she wore several skirts, with the shortest outside, and a very open bodice with short sleeves. She was very proud of having the slenderest waist in the street. Both she and Theras wore their hair



A Minoan lady's dress.

(From *Annual of British School at Athens.*)

in long ringlets, two or three of which were done up with hairpins in a little topknot, but she put on a hat with ribbons when she wore her best dress, while her husband went bareheaded.

Æthon and Æthra had a very happy life. They did

not go to school, because at that time very few people learned to read and write, and scarcely anything else that we learn in school was known or taught at all. History, for instance, was the stories about old times that the oldest people you knew would tell you when they were not busy ; probably they had heard them from the oldest people they knew when they were young. Geography was what the sailors said about the lands they had seen on their voyages ; and if you wanted to learn foreign languages, you had either to go abroad yourself or make friends with some poor man who had been stolen from his home across the sea and brought here to be a slave. But, on the other hand, you had to know how to do many things by yourself that we do by machinery nowadays.

So Æthra spent most of her time in the house with her mother, learning to cook and spin and weave and embroider. Æthon was learning his father's trade, and could handle all the tools, which were very like a modern carpenter's, except that they were made of bronze, and the hammers had stone heads. When his father was out working he sometimes wandered round to see the potter, and watch the bowls or vases coming into their beautiful shapes on the flat whizzing wheel. There were two potters whom he used to visit. One made the ordinary plain ware for cooking and household use ; the other had a bigger workshop and employed several men, and he made all sorts of pottery in quaint and pretty shapes, decorated with patterns of flowers and sea-creatures. At this workshop there was one old man in particular, whom Æthon loved to watch as he painted the vases before they went to the baking-kiln. The younger workmen rather laughed at this man, because he went on making designs in colours, that had gone out of fashion. But Æthon would stand by him, delighted to see the gay colourings, and sometimes would

ask him to paint a vase or bowl in a certain pattern—"Put a big octopus on it! right in the middle with his legs all curling round him!—Oh yes, and there are his eyes—and some bits of seaweed near his mouth—and are you making a whole procession of fish round the edge? That's simply splendid!"

For Æthon was very fond of the sea, like most Minoan boys, and he often went down to the shore and played there, swimming, picking up shells, peeping into rock-pools, and watching the strange and beautiful creatures that lived in the clear blue waters. Indeed, he often said he would rather be a sailor than a carpenter. Many of his father's friends had boats, and sometimes they would take him with them when they went fishing. One day he was taken quite a long voyage—right out of the bay and round the coast to a bigger town than Gournia. Here he saw men diving from the rocks for sponges, and was also shown how they made a beautiful purple dye by crushing a certain kind of spiky seashell. On the way back it was rather windy and rough, and the boatman told him such weird stories about storms and pirates and fights with sea-monsters that he was quite glad to get home. So for a little while he said no more about being a sailor.



Octopus vase found at Gournia.

(By permission from Hall, "*Ægean Archaeology*," Methuen, 1915.)

Sometimes when his father was not busy he would take Æthon for a walk inland, towards the hills. Every

year the fields were gay with flowers, in the short spring-time between the rains and the hot scorching summer. In the autumn there was the vintage to watch, or the noisy processions with which the villagers celebrated their "Harvest Home." Or you might meet men going out to hunt, up on the hills where the wild goats lived. Æthon would have liked to follow them ; but his father seemed to think he might meet worse things than goats. There were certainly wild bulls, and Theras hinted that there were also spirits and Little People in the high woods, whom it was best not to intrude upon.

There were no Sundays in Minoan life, and nothing that we should call a church to go to. But in the middle of the town there was a little open space with a low wall round it, and within, under a tree, was a shrine where there was a small image of a goddess, with a snake twined about her arms, and doves clustering about her. In front stood a low three-legged table, that served as an altar, and had several vases marked with the holy sign of the Double Axe upon it. Their mother sometimes brought the children here and showed them the proper way to do reverence to the " Lady of the Wild Creatures," the kind Mother-goddess who loved trees and birds and the animals of land and sea too.

In this way life went on happily enough for Theras and his family. But at last there came a dreadful day that Æthon never forgot. Strange ships appeared in the bay, and their crews were seen making ready to land and attack the little town. It was decided that everybody should bury or hide their valuables, and that the women and children should take refuge in the woods, while the men made an effort to drive away the pirates. So Æthon saw his father taking up part of the floor in the passage and hiding his tools there as the safest place he could think of, while his mother collected some food and wraps and some of her most precious jewellery.

Then they set out in the twilight from their home. Theras bade them good-bye and went off to meet the other men at the nobleman's house, where they were to have weapons given out to them; and they never saw him again. Æthon led Æthra by the hand, and his mother carried the baby, crying softly as she walked, and with the other



Shrine of a Goddess with offerings of shells, models of flying-fish, doves, dresses, etc. Found (in fragments) at Knossos.

(From Annual of the British School at Athens.)

families they made their way into the woods, and prepared to camp out there.

The first night was quiet. But in the morning the pirates made their attack, and they could hear in the

distance the noise of the fighting, though they could not see what was happening. Then came silence again, but the strange ships still lay by the beach, and no one came to tell them they might venture home again. Then there were new noises, shouts of triumph and drunken singing; and as twilight fell for the second time, they saw smoke and flames rising from the town, and the searovers, laden with plunder and driving their captives before them, staggering back to their ships and pushing off.

Gournia was never properly rebuilt after this, for practically all the men had been killed or taken prisoners, and there was nothing for the women to do but find shelter as best they could in other places. Æthon's mother made her way by degrees to the chief town on the island, Knossos, where she had relatives. Unfortunately she had an accident on the journey, through catching her foot on a tree-root. She herself was not hurt by the fall, but the child in her arms was, and walked lame all his life because of it, though she made a pilgrimage as soon as she could to the holy cave on Mount Dicté, and left an offering there, hoping that the kind goddess would straighten the little twisted foot. But that was the last of the family's misfortunes, at least for a long time.

We will pass over their early adventures in Knossos, and begin the story again twenty years later, when the mother is dead and the children are all grown-up men and women. Æthon is a sailor now, and has seen many foreign lands. Æthra is married to a man who has a post as a clerk in the king's service, and she has a little boy and girl of her own. Merion, still lame, of course, lives with them, learning to be an artist in stone, and promising very well.

Knossos was a much bigger and finer place than Gournia. It stood on a low hill beside a little river, and

in the middle was the dwelling of the king who at that time ruled all Crete and some of the neighbouring shores and islands as well. His name was Minos, and so many wonderful stories have been told about him that we do not know what is true and what is not. But he certainly lived in a very beautiful palace of shining white stone with all his servants and courtiers round him, and foreign peoples sent him tribute. He had a navy too,

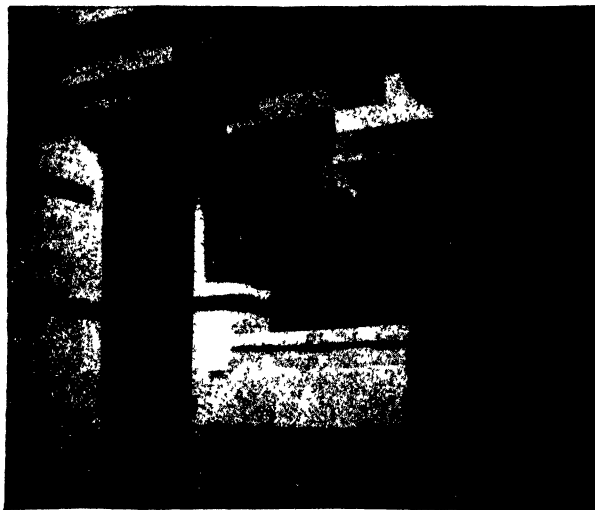


Photo by H. R. Hall

The great staircase at Knossos.

(From H. R. Hall's "*Ancient History of the Near East*" (1924).
Methuen & Co., Ltd.)

and in his days Crete was safe from pirates, and many towns flourished all round the coast.

King Minos had several dwellings, but he liked Knossos best, and lived there in great style with the queen and the court. The palace did not look very imposing from outside, because it was built on a hillside

like many of the ordinary dwellings, and straggled about on the slope, full of long corridors and stairs and terraces—a regular “Labyrinth,” in fact. In the middle there was a great paved courtyard, lying open to the sky on the highest part of the knoll, with the buildings arranged round it. On the left as you came in a wide stone staircase led down to the part where the royal family lived. There were three splendid pillared halls here, painted with beautiful pictures on the walls; one of these was specially kept for the queen and her ladies, but they were not shut up there all the time, as in many other countries. Near at hand were blocks of small rooms for the servants of the palace, and here lived not only cooks and bakers, waiting-women and messengers, and the king’s clerks and secretaries, but potters, masons, carpenters, jewellers, stonecutters, painters, and so on. They were all kept busy repairing and decorating the building, turning out fresh ware for use and ornament, and making pretty things for the courtiers to wear, for men as well as women were fond of bracelets and collars and other jewellery.

Æthra and her husband and children and brother all lived here among the royal household. Merion was very happy learning and working among the palace artists, and when he grew older he did some very fine work, which was greatly admired. The courtiers and even the king himself grew to know the lame sculptor as he limped about the corridors, adding a touch here and there to the carvings, or seeing that the slaves put in its proper place some heavy standard lamp of stone or great ornamental jar, fresh from his workshop. This was a pleasant room quite near the royal apartments, on the level of the central court, and sometimes the little princes would come and watch him working with his men, and tease him to make them little toys, just as his brother had done with the potter at Gournia, years ago.

He did not see much of Æthon now, as he was mostly at sea, but he always came to the palace when he was at home, full of tales of adventure, and bringing little ornaments and trifles from abroad for his sister and the children.

Æthra's husband, whose name was Procles, was mostly busy in the rooms on the far side of the courtyard, where the government work was carried on. Here was the throne-room, where King Minos sat in state to receive guests and ambassadors from foreign lands, a great many of whom came to the court at Knossos. Near by were the offices where Procles and other scribes worked, noting down the payment of tribute, keeping lists of the shields and weapons in the king's armoury, and checking the palace accounts. Sometimes they wrote on little tablets of clay, simply pressing the shape of the letters on the soft clay with a sort of undivided pen, and sometimes they used ink and wrote on a material more like our paper; they could write more quickly in this way, but the documents did not last so well. Procles' special work had to do with the arms and other supplies for the fleet, about which King Minos was, of course, very particular, as so much depended on it. Procles was sometimes able to pass on very useful practical suggestions made by his sailor brother-in-law, so that he was well thought of by his superiors in the office.

Æthon in the meantime led rather a wild wandering life. At first he sailed in other men's ships, but afterwards he had one of his own. It was rowed by twenty men, sitting at great long oars, but it had a single high mast amidships with a big square sail as well. The rowers sat on deck, with an awning over their heads, and all sorts of strange cargoes came to Knossos in the stuffy hold below (see p. 42). Sometimes Æthon made short trips to the neighbouring islands, taking out sponges and purple-dyed cloth, and bringing back perhaps marble

for the carvers in the palace. On the mainland (which we call Greece) there were wealthy families whose ancestors had once lived in Crete, who were always glad to buy delicate pottery and luxuries which their new country did not provide yet. At other times he sailed to the Keftiuan coast (the south part of Asia Minor) or to the Syrian ports, where Minoan vases and jewellery were much in demand and fetched good prices. Once or twice he went to Egypt, and very much admired all he saw there. Sometimes too, when there was no profit to be made by peaceful trading, he and two or three other ship-masters would join together and raid some little out-of-the-way harbour, seizing any gold or valuables they could lay hands on, and carrying off boys and girls to be slaves in the palace. From one such voyage he returned with a quantity of plunder, a pretty young wife, and a great sword-cut on his head; and after that he hired out his ship to another man and stayed quietly at home for a while.

Of course he lost no time in introducing his wife, whose name was Clymene, to her new relations at the palace. They started one fine morning from Æthon's little house by the harbour, and walked along the wide paved road up the valley to Knossos itself. He showed Clymene the big gateway with the guard-house, at which the king went in and out, but they had to get in by what you might call the "tradesmen's entrance" to the palace, a smaller courtyard to which supplies and tribute were brought, just beside the storehouses and the clerks' rooms. They found Procles in his office, and he welcomed them warmly, and said they had come on a lucky day, for there were to be sports that afternoon which they could all go and watch. They took a walk round, to show Clymene the great store-chambers and the wall-paintings and some of Merion's lovely carvings, and then went to have dinner all together in Procles' home.

In the afternoon they all made their way to the little open-air theatre just outside the palace, where the sports were to be held. The king and queen and the royal children were there, with the lords and ladies in their gay dresses sitting about them, all chatting and laughing together. The sports consisted chiefly of a display of



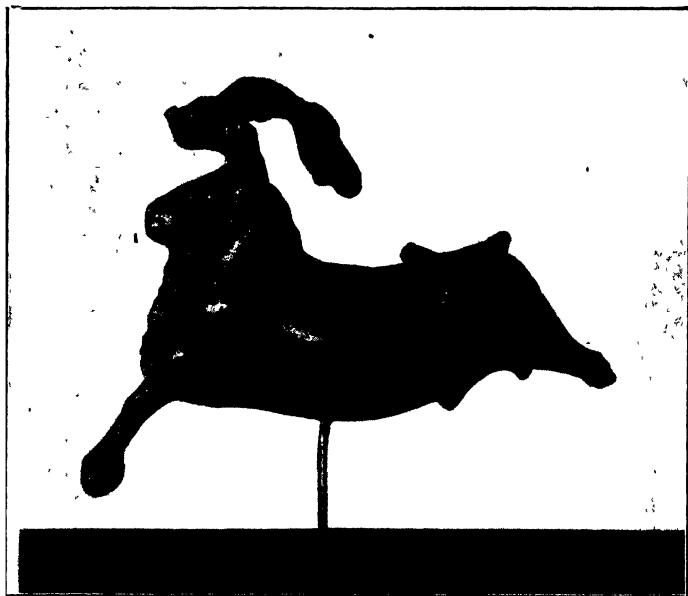
Storehouse at Knossos.

(Photo H. R. Hall: by permission from "*Egean Archaeology*." Methuen, 1915.)

boxing and wrestling, and the crowd grew very excited, clapping and cheering to spur on the men who were taking part. Afterwards musicians appeared, and a kind of solemn dance was performed. Procles said there would soon be a much more exciting show, at which there would be bulls, and Æthon said he would bring Clymene to see that too.

So some days later they came to the palace again and

met Æthra and Procles, and went to the bull-ring together. Clymene was secretly a little frightened, and shrieked once or twice as she watched, for she had never seen the cruel sport before. But the Minoans apparently liked it even better than boxing matches, for there were crowds of people watching from all the roofs and terraces



Leaping over a charging bull.

(Bronze figure from the Ashmolean Museum : by kind permission of Sir Arthur Evans.)

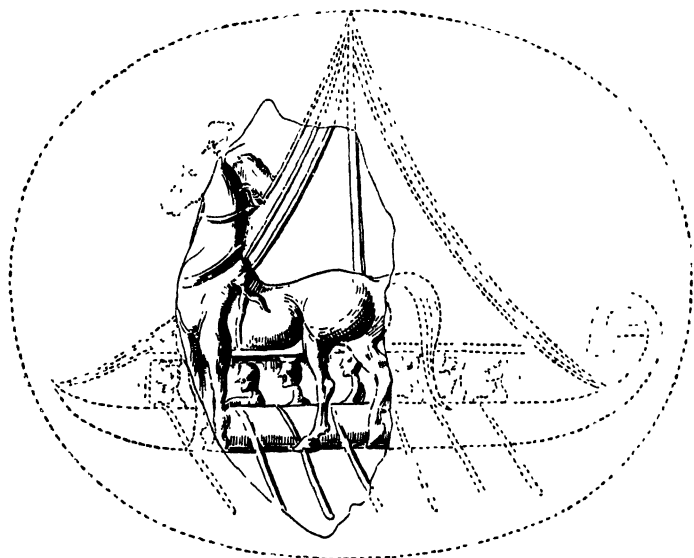
round from which the ring could be seen. Two boys and two girls, younger than Clymene herself, were put into the ring together with a big angry bull. They had no weapons, for they were not trying to kill the bull, which was a sacred animal, but to escape being killed by it. When a bull puts down his head to charge, he

cannot see in front of him till he raises it again ; and just in the moment when he was rushing blindly forward, the boy or girl who was being attacked made a spring, seized the lowered horns, and by turning a somersault just as the bull gave the toss, went clean over its back and landed safely behind it, amid roars of applause. There were no accidents that afternoon, but Clymene felt sure there often must be, and nearly cried to think of the unhappy captives who were dragged away from their homes as she had been, but instead of finding a kind husband were made to risk their lives in this dreadful way.

There was a good deal of talk at this time in the palace about a new animal that was being used in other countries, chiefly for drawing chariots, and it was said that the king wished to import some into Crete. So when Æthon's ship returned safely, he set off on a fresh voyage to Egypt, meaning to bring back some of the new creatures with him. Though he always enjoyed going to Egypt, he hurried home this time, because he wanted his ship to be the very first to bring a horse to Knossos ; and so it was. In honour of this, Merion cut him a new seal-stone, with the ship and the horse carved upon it. Æthon rather teased him about the picture at first, saying that the horse was not really bigger than the ship, and that it had not walked alongside the boat but travelled in the hold ; but he was very proud of the seal all the same, and very sorry when one of the children borrowed it to play with and lost it. After this horses became fashionable in Crete, and Æthon traded regularly to Egypt, bringing them back in exchange for dried fish and fruit, jars of wine and oil, pottery, jewellery, and so on.

At length, when all our Minoan friends were growing old, a sad thing happened. Knossos, like Gournia, was attacked by sea-rovers from the northern lands and

destroyed. It seems strange that King Minos with his fleet did not prevent them from burning his palace and plundering all his treasures, but somehow he was not able to. Perhaps he had already sailed away on his last voyage, into the far western seas ; for one story tells us how he went to Sicily with all his fighting ships and his soldiers, in pursuit of a man who had done him a



Ship with horse.

(Seal impression with design completed : from the Annual of the British School at Athens.)

great wrong, and there he was murdered by his enemies, and never saw broad Knossos and the hills of Crete again. So the sea-rovers landed and marched up the valley, and killed the few soldiers at the palace gates, and then had their own way, for the place was not fortified. Merion left his workshop with two great stone jars stand-

ing in it, one just finished, the other only begun, and hurried away to try and protect Clymene, for Æthon was at sea at the time, on one of his Egyptian voyages. Procles put down his pen and went to help plan some way of defending the palace, but it was too late. Neither of them ever finished the work they had begun so cheerfully that morning; and soon Knossos was in flames, the Northerners were making off with their prisoners and loot, and the few Minoans who had escaped were scattered about the island seeking help and shelter.

So when Æthon came home he found neither brother nor sister, wife nor child, and he vowed vengeance on the raiders who had wrecked his home for the second time. But there was nothing to be done, for the sea-rovers had quite disappeared. At last it was decided that he and several other ship-captains should take on board some of the survivors, and some people from other towns who were afraid it might be their turn to be attacked next, and sail away to look for the king and his fleet. If they could not find him, they would land and build a new Minoan town in some far-off country where pirates did not come. And so Æthon and his companions said good-bye to Crete for the last time, and from the western headlands those who stayed behind saw their ships disappear towards the sunset.

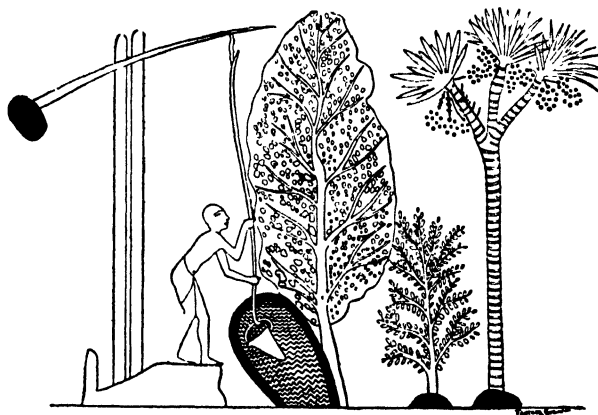
CHAPTER IV

PHARAOH AND HIS PEOPLE

ABOUT the same time that Æthon and his relations were living in Knossos, an Egyptian family were passing a very pleasant peaceful time on their estate, which lay some distance up the valley of the Nile, not far from the capital, Thebes. The master of the house was a gentleman called Sennefer ; his wife was a lady named Ast. They were both quite young, and had two little children, a boy and a girl. These two had rather long names, each being really a short sentence with a religious meaning. The boy was called, in honour of one of the great gods of Egypt, " Ra is Content " ; the little girl had been named after a favourite goddess, " Hathor First." But you will probably be glad to hear that they always went by the pet-names of Lion and Kitten respectively. Besides his wife and children, Sennefer also had his grandfather living with him, a very old gentleman indeed, called Aahmes.

Sennefer came of a well-to-do family and owned a handsome estate, with a good many peasants and slaves living on it. The house stood in its own grounds, just out of reach of the summer floods, at a spot where the bed of an old dry stream led up from the green, flat valley through a cleft in the bare hillsides to the desert that lay above. It was only built of mud-bricks, but was well planned for the hot climate, with shady rooms and cool colonnades, and flat roofs where the family

could take the air and enjoy the view. The walls were painted with all sorts of patterns in gay colours, and here and there bright awnings were stretched across open spaces to keep off the hot sun. The furniture, too, was cheerful and pretty, upholstered in rich stuffs, and with a good deal of gilding about it. Round the house lay a big garden, with borders of flowers and shrubs, a vineyard, and a kitchen-garden. There were two fish-ponds as well, with lotus-plants and tall papyrus-reeds growing round them. Of course these ponds were



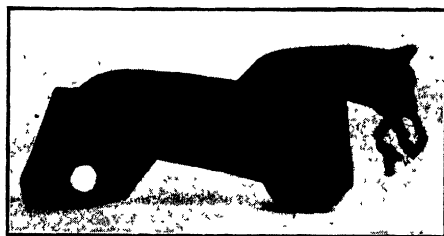
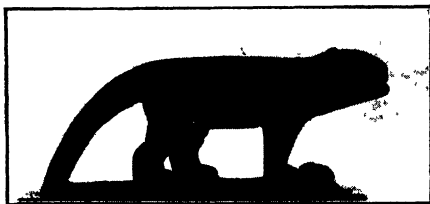
Gardener at work drawing water.

(From Maspero's "*Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria*." Chapman & Hall, Ltd.)

favourite playing-places with the children, and Ket their slave-nurse spent quite a lot of time in reciting magic spells over Kitten three times a day, to prevent her from falling in or coming to any other harm. She never did fall in ; but perhaps the gardeners who were always working about had something to do with it as well as Ket's charms.

The children were very much petted by their parents and friends and had many toys and games given them.

Kitten owned quite a family of dolls ; they were rather stiff creatures, carved out of wood, but they wore elaborate curly wigs and grand dresses just like those of real grown-up people. She was very fond, too, of a little wooden figure of a cat, which though only a few inches long had eyes of sparkling crystal and metal teeth, and could open and shut its mouth. Lion had a toy chariot and horses, and jointed figures of slaves at work, as well



Egyptian toys.
(From the British Museum.)

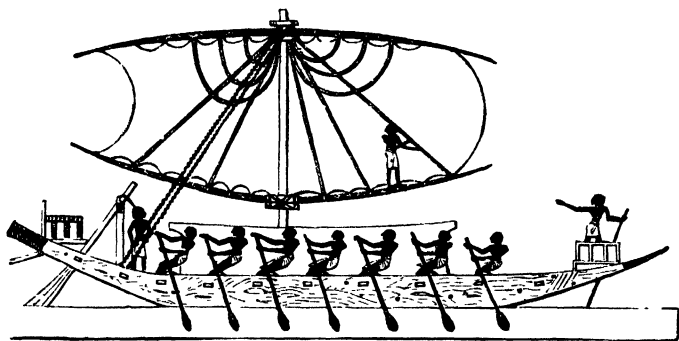
as balls and different kinds of games. When he was seven his father gave him a real live monkey for a pet, and after that he felt too grown-up to play with mere toys, and gave most of them to Kitten, who was only four.

About the same time, too, he discovered that sometimes, when the porter who sat in the little room

beside the entrance was sleepy or busy, it was possible to slip past and explore what was outside the garden. Quite close by there was one of his father's farms, kept by the chief steward of the estate. Here all sorts of interesting doings went on. The cattle and sheep were driven in from the distant pastures to be counted, the harvest was brought to be threshed and piled in the granaries, and the slaves performed all kinds of gymnastic feats as they pressed the grapes at vintage-time ; while the scribes

stood about with their tablets, keeping a record of all the work done and making lists of the livestock. Altogether there were several hundred animals on the estate—cattle, donkeys, sheep, and pigs. There were ducks and geese and water-fowl too, and besides these there were some rare birds, not to be seen on every farm by any means, which lived on dry land and laid eggs every day. They came from Syria, and Grandfather Aahmes had brought home some of the first that ever were seen in Egypt, in his soldiering days long ago.

As Lion grew older he ventured farther afield, and



A Nile boat.

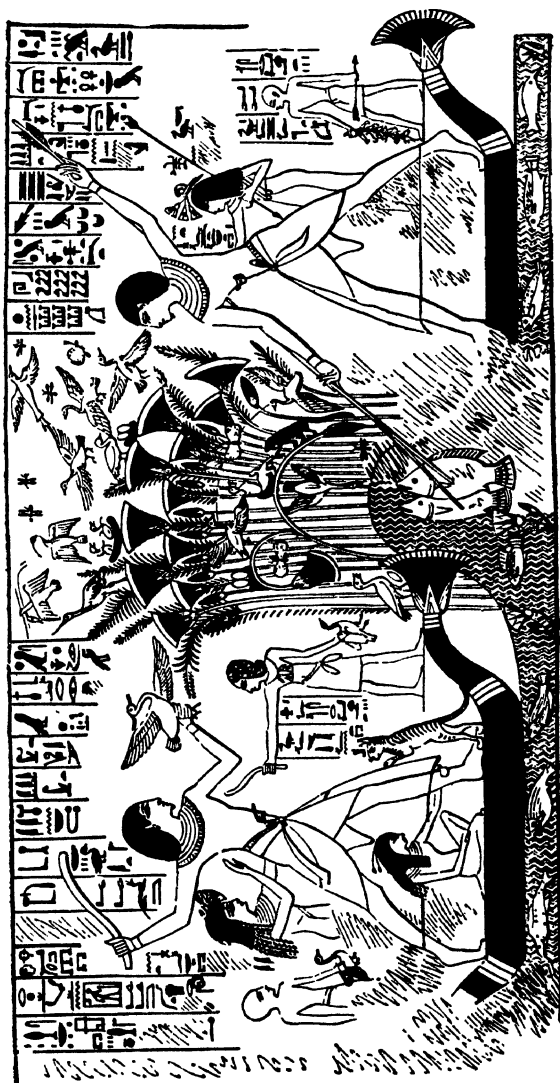
(From Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians." J. Murray.)

often used to make his way to the banks of the great river, the Nile itself. Near the stream the peasants were always at work, busy in the fields or at the simple machines that raised the water up to the top of the bank where it was needed. There was constant traffic up and down to Thebes. Some great noble or priest might pass towards the capital in a splendid gilded boat, with carven prow and gay awnings, even its huge square sail of some rich coloured cloth. Pharaoh himself might be seen setting out on a journey in his great carved and

painted vessel, the "Star of the Two Lands." Strange foreign merchant-ships went by, carrying rare goods from overseas, and manned by sunburnt Phœnicians, or gaily-clad Keftiuans from the Isles of the Very Green at the Back of Beyond—men of Crete and the Ægean. Lion's father owned a private Nile-boat, but the boy had never been a voyage in her yet, though he hoped to go some day. But he did not want to go to sea ; very few Egyptian boys did. He would have liked to be a soldier like his great-grandfather, but had no desire to meet with adventures such as his father had told him of, in a story about a shipwrecked sailor, sole survivor of the crew, who was cast ashore on a lonely island. Here he found plenty to eat, but soon was terrified by the sight of a huge bearded serpent, whose body was a precious stone crusted over with gold. However, the serpent greeted the sailor kindly, saying, "Who hath brought thee, little one ? who hath brought thee ?" and foretold, being very wise, that the man would soon be rescued, and the island would then disappear. And so it happened ; and the sailor returned home with great riches and was honoured by Pharaoh himself.

Lion fully believed in the big blue serpent of this tale ; he also believed that when his father set off to hunt big game in the desert with his hounds, he might meet with far more fearsome creatures than mere lions. Lion was not old enough to be taken on these long excursions, but Sennefer sometimes took him when he went spearing fish in the streams near the house, or killing birds with a throwing-stick in the marshes. At these times he had with him, instead of a dog, a cat to retrieve the game.

Lion was very fond of his parents, but Great-Grandfather Aahmes was more of a hero in his eyes, for though he was now very old and feeble he could tell most thrilling stories of the battles and adventures of his younger days. He had fought under the most warlike Pharaoh that had



Fowling and fishing.

(From Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians." J. Murray.)

yet ruled Egypt, Thothmes III., who had carried on great wars in Syria, which in his days did not belong to any important king, and he had seen many wonderful things there.

Lion's favourite story, which he used to ask for again and again, was about the first great battle which King Thothmes had fought in Syria, at Megiddo, near Mount Carmel, against the Prince of Kadesh and his allies. Aahmes, too, was always willing to tell how after the king had held a council of war with his captains the troops advanced in single file, "man behind man, and horse behind horse," through a narrow ravine across a line of low hills, to take the enemy by surprise. His Majesty himself went at the head of the line to encourage the troops, because the plan of attack was a very dangerous



Syrian Chiefs before
Thothmes III.

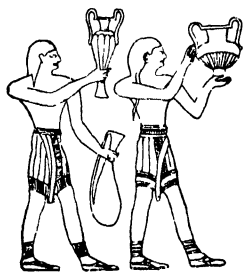
(From Flinders Petrie's "History of
Egypt." Methuen & Co., Ltd.)

one. It was Aahmes' first campaign as well as the king's, and the night before the battle he could not sleep, but lay in his tent listening to the sentries as they tramped up and down, crying, "Firm-heart! Firm-heart! be watchful, be watchful!" The next day they joined battle, the king going out early in his chariot of polished metal with all his weapons of war, strong and glorious like a god upon earth. The Syrians were defeated and fled for refuge to

Megiddo, and there Aahmes had taken prisoner one of the men who had not been in time to get into the town before the gates were shut, just when he was about to be hauled up into safety by a rope of clothing which his friends had let down from the city wall.

Megiddo had surrendered after a time, and Aahmes had seen the captive chiefs "smelling the ground" before Thothmes' feet, and had watched the piling-up of the heaps of rich tribute which they brought. There were hundreds of chariots, adorned with gold and silver, many suits of splendid armour, gold and silver vases and dishes, blocks of lapis-lazuli and green malachite, inlaid furniture, statues and ornaments of ebony and ivory; slaves too, and droves of cattle, and food for the army, corn and wine, honey and oil and fruit. All this spoil, except the provisions, was counted and sent to Egypt, and Aahmes could point to some beautiful Syrian vases in the room where he sat, which had fallen to his share. So famous did the wars of Thothmes III. make Egypt, that not only the lands he actually conquered but the great nations round sent him presents, and soon men were coming from Babylon and Assyria, the kingdom of the Hittites, and even far-off islands in the Very Green Sea, bringing precious offerings to this mighty king.

Lion liked, too, a story of the king's going by sea into Phœnicia, which had rebelled against him, and of the great hunting of a herd of one hundred and twenty elephants, which took place after the fighting was over, beside a river in North Syria. There had been a very exciting moment when the biggest of the elephants turned savagely upon the king and one of his generals, Amenemheb; the latter was nearly caught, but managed to save himself and the king by getting between the rocks in the bed of the stream, where the elephant could not follow, and cutting off its trunk as it felt about for him. The



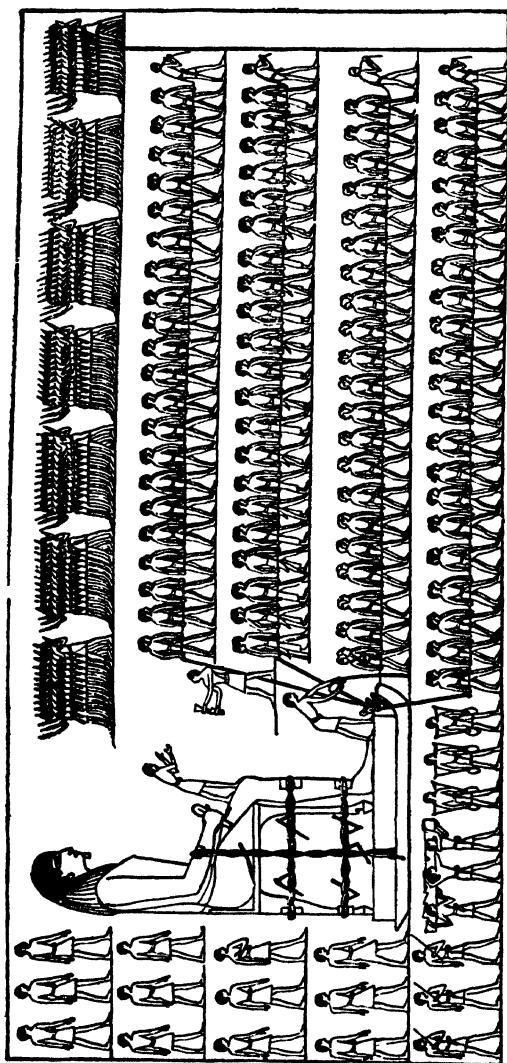
Tribute-bearers.

(From Flinders Petrie's "*History of Egypt*." Methuen & Co., Ltd.)

king in his gratitude gave Amenemheb a splendid present of gold and robes.

There had been very little fighting since Thothmes III.'s time, for all the neighbouring countries now feared Egypt. But the payment of the tribute still went on, and slaves and treasure of all sorts poured in year by year. Some of the slaves in Sennefer's house were Syrians, and from them Lion sometimes heard the other side of all this tale of glory. Being only slaves they dared not say too much, but sometimes what they said made him imagine a little of how it felt to see your house plundered and set on fire, and your crops and fruit and cattle seized by foreign soldiers, and to be dragged away yourself to work for the conquerors in a strange land. However, the Egyptians were not as a rule cruel, and the slaves were in some ways better off than the native peasants. These lived on hard fare in poor mud hovels, and had to toil incessantly in their fields ; they had heavy taxes to pay, and were beaten by the tax-collectors' servants if they were not ready with their dues when the time came, and sometimes they were carried off by force to serve in the army or provide labour for the king's great buildings. Yet they always seemed wonderfully cheerful, in spite of these hardships.

It was no wonder, however, that many peasant families wished their sons to give up the dull hard life of farm-work and earn their living in an easier way as scribes. Writing was quite an art in Egypt, and to be a scribe required a special training. So there was a little school in the village, where the boys learnt to understand and make the tiny drawings or "hieroglyphics" which were the oldest kind of writing (see frontispiece), as well as the shorter "hieratic" form. In their papyrus copy-books they wrote down moral stories and wise sayings, so that they learnt something of good behaviour and manners at the same time as writing. The boys next learnt composition in different styles, essays and business letters



Hauling a statue.

(From Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians." J. Murray.)

and so on, as well as simple mathematics and astronomy. No doubt the parents thought it all very grand when they saw their sons' neat exercise books, with the master's corrections in the margin, and the date at the head of each exercise. But perhaps the boys did not think the same, for they were kept hard at work, and a good deal of the teaching was given with a stick, so that when lessons were over the whole village heard the yells of joy with which they rushed out of school.

Boys who did well at school went on as apprentice-pupils to a temple or a government office where many scribes were employed. Here they helped in copying letters and business documents and adding up figures till they were fit for more responsible work. Some of the scholars from Sennefer's village had done very well and risen to high positions in the king's service; but others had not been so clever or so fortunate, and one or two had found no better work than to go about writing letters for people who had not been to school, for a small fee. One of these occasionally visited his home on his wanderings, and Lion knew him well by sight, a slightly deformed man, laden with the scribe's outfit—reed pens and a penknife, paints, a pestle and mortar to grind them with, a palette to mix them on, and a water-vessel to moisten them with, all packed in a leather bag.

Lion did not go to the village school, but did lessons at home with a tutor; the tutor was rather a prosy man, and Lion sometimes thought school would be jollier. Besides what the village boys learnt, the tutor told Lion something of the history of his country, and the stories of the gods whom the Egyptians worshipped. He described how the world had been created, and at first was ruled by Ra, the god of the sun, but when men became troublesome Ra had given his kingdom to his descendants the Pharaohs, and went back to the sky. Each day Ra crossed the heavens in his

shining sun-boat, fighting and conquering the dragon of darkness, and each night the bark was towed back through the underworld to the starting-place. Then there was Osiris, who also had been a king on earth, and was treacherously slain by his wicked brother Set. Isis, the wife of Osiris, had searched far and wide for his body which Set had hidden, that she might give it proper burial, and at last her son Horus grew up and avenged his dead father, who reigned for evermore as the king of the world below. The tutor's own patron god was Thoth, the heavenly scribe ; Lion's patron was Ra, the Sun-god himself. Other gods were Anubis ; Ptah, the god of artists and skilled workmen ; Hapi, the spirit of the Nile, who did so much for Egypt. There were goddesses too : Hathor, the goddess of joy and love, and Maat, the spirit of truth or justice.

The tutor had a big sheet of papyrus, several feet long, on which there were pictures of many of these deities, amongst a lot of writing. Lion, and sometimes Kitten too, used to look at it with great interest. There was a picture of a goddess with stars all over her body, who held up the sky ; there was Ra in his boat, a man with the head of a hawk. Horus, the son of Osiris, had a hawk's head too ; the wise Thoth had that of an ibis, Anubis that of a jackal. Hathor had a cow's head, and another goddess that of a lion or a cat. There was even a goddess in the form of a hippopotamus ! The children asked why they should be pictured in this way, but the tutor could only say that it was the custom and had always been done. One of the pictures showed the gods in the act of judging a man after death, by weighing his heart in the scales of justice (see frontispiece). If he were evil, his heart would be devoured by a horrible monster ; but if he were good, he would be allowed to go to the " fields of peace " in the kingdom of Osiris. This was very like the best and pleasantest parts of Egypt, and

there good men lived in comfort, enjoying "love of wife and rest of heart," and spending their time much as they had done in their happiest earthly days.

Lion also learnt in his lessons that the history of Egypt did not begin with King Thothmes III., as he had rather fancied from his great-grandfather's tales, but went back many hundreds of years. Once, the tutor said, the Valley and the Delta had been two lands, and men had lived in separate tribes under different chiefs. Then a chief called "The Scorpion" made himself ruler of all the Valley, and one of his successors, who was said to be called Menes, conquered the Delta as well, and so was the first "Lord of the Two Lands." Soon had come the great kings who built the Pyramids, and many mighty rulers had followed. In fact, Lion used to get confused among the various "dynasties," as the families of kings were called; there had already been eighteen of them. It was a good thing for Lion that he did not live in the last days of Egyptian history, when he would have had thirty dynasties to learn about! Fortunately for schoolboys, there was very little known about some of them. (Girls did not go to school, so it did not matter to them.)

The tutor also had to tell Lion something that patriotic Egyptians did not like to mention, namely, that for a long time the country had been ruled by some cruel foreign conquerors called the "Hyksos" (in English, the "Shepherd Kings"). But at last there had risen up a native king named Aahmes and driven them out. It was after this king that Grandfather Aahmes was named. The Egyptians had hated the Hyksos, but they had learnt one or two things from them, chiefly about war. The Hyksos had introduced horses and chariots, and when they were driven out, the next kings had used the strong army that had fought against them in making war in Syria. Then Lion knew what was coming—the triumphs

of Thothmes III. ; and the tutor did not need to go on with the lesson.

Lion read stories and poems too sometimes ; and one day he was given some verses of a poem to learn by heart. At first he did not want to, but when he found that it was in praise of the great king Thothmes, he set to work with a will. In the poem, the god Amen of Thebes was supposed to rejoice over the deeds which he had helped the Pharaoh to do ; and that evening Lion delighted his great-grandfather by reciting to him these verses :

“ I have given to thee might and victory over all lands ;
I have set thy will and the fear of thee in all countries,
Thy terror as far as the four pillars of heaven.
The chiefs of all lands are gathered in thy grasp ;
I have struck down thine enemies beneath thy sandals,
Thou hast smitten the hosts of rebels according to my command.
The Earth in its length and breadth, Westerners and Easterners
are subject to thee.
Thou treadest down all lands, thy heart is glad.
I have caused them to see thy Majesty as a young bull,
Firm of heart, sharp-horned, unapproachable.”

* * * * *

That was almost the last time that Lion saw Aahmes, for a few days afterwards the old gentleman was taken ill and died. There was great sorrow and mourning in the household, and preparations were at once begun for the funeral. Sennefer went and saw the priests and made all arrangements, and while the body of Aahmes was being embalmed and made ready to be wrapped in the yards and yards of linen bandages in which all mummies were swathed, a gorgeous coffin was prepared and the last touches were put to the rock-hewn tomb. Aahmes had had the tomb hollowed out and partly decorated during his lifetime, for like all his countrymen he thought his burial a very important matter, because in some mysterious way the life after death depended on the body's having a proper, lasting home and all its usual necessities

and comforts. They saw nothing gloomy in attending to these matters in advance, and so besides choosing his tomb Aahmes had ordered an outer coffin of carved stone and had chosen some of the furniture which he wished to have placed beside it when the time came. But still there was a great deal to be done during the seventy days while his body was with the embalmers. An inner coffin of wood was prepared and painted with religious emblems in beautiful colours. Sculptors and painters, working by light reflected with mirrors into the depths of the cave-tomb, added the final decorations in the form of a long inscription telling of Aahmes' deeds and the honours he had received. Furniture, too, was made ready, jewels, robes, ointment-boxes, walking-sticks, so that the dead man might have all the luxuries he had been used to in his lifetime.

Even these were not all the things which were needed for his welfare. The Egyptians had rather confused ideas about the life after death, and they made ready for several possibilities. They put food and furniture in the tomb because it was the dead man's home, his "house of eternity," as they said, where he somehow went on living, even though his body never moved or spoke again. But there was also the idea about the judgment in the hall of the gods, and the life in the fields of Osiris. So they had spells and sentences from their sacred writings copied out and put into the coffin all ready to hand, to be a help to the dead man in giving his answers in the hall of judgment. Amulets or charms, too, were provided, to protect him from the dangers he might meet as he travelled to the underworld. Then, even in the happy "fields of peace," there was work to be done, in ploughing and reaping, and so on, and men of high rank or wealthy people, who had never done a day's farmwork in this life, did not mean to begin it in the next. So they made little figures of stone or pottery and engraved a magic

spell upon them and put them also in the tomb, calling them Ushabtis or Answerers, because when Aahmes, or whoever it might be, was summoned to do his share of the work, they would come to life, answer the summons, and do the task for him.

At last everything was ready, and one day the children saw the funeral procession set out. The tomb lay as usual on the west bank of the Nile, under the setting sun, so the journey had to be made partly by water. The mummy of Aahmes in its brightly painted coffin, the priests, and the near relations crossed in one boat, friends and mourners in a second, and a third was filled with servants bringing the tomb-furniture and provisions for offerings and the funeral feast. They landed and finished the journey on foot, the mummy being drawn on a sledge up the rocky path by the cattle which were going to be sacrificed. The women all wept and wailed aloud as they walked. When they reached the tomb, the priests offered the sacrifices and went through certain ceremonies which prepared the dead man for his future life. Then the mummy was left in an inner chamber with his furniture and all his possessions around him, and the long passage between it and the outer hall was blocked up, to prevent robbers coming to steal the jewels and ornaments. The family and friends feasted in the outer hall before they went home, with solemn music and dancing, and then the tomb was quiet, except when the relatives came to bring offerings of food to the dead man.

After this sad event the family settled down again, and soon life was going on much as before. Indeed, it was even gayer, for Grandfather Aahmes had been rather old-fashioned in some ways, and did not quite approve of some of the luxurious manners which were spreading in the country, now that it had become so rich. At last, the children's mother, began to give parties again, in

which Kitten was now old enough to take a great interest. On these occasions the servants had a very busy time beforehand, cleaning the gold vessels and ornaments, cooking, and preparing little bouquets of lotus-flowers to present to the guests on their arrival, and pats of perfumed ointment to place on their heads. Kitten used to watch her mother dressing. The slave-girls who waited on Ast would bring up a beautiful dress of pure white linen, so fine as to be almost transparent, all freshly laundered, and get out her best curly black wig and her choicest necklaces and ear-rings from the big gilded chests in which the family kept their possessions. Then Ast would sit down at her dressing-table, with its array of mirrors and ointment-pots, while the maid arranged her hair, manicured her hands, blackened her eyebrows, and (if it was to be a garden-party and she expected to be out in the sun) painted her eyelids green, to soften the glare. Sennefer also wore a fresh white robe, covered his shaven head with a wig, and if it was to be a formal occasion and he wanted to look stately and dignified, fastened a stiff-looking false beard beneath his chin ; for like all Egyptians he was clean-shaven.

The children were allowed to come amongst the visitors for a time at the beginning of the party, and sometimes received presents from them. When the guests had all arrived, some on foot, some in small light carriages, they were entertained till dinner was ready with music and dancing by the slave-girls, while light refreshments were handed round. The music was provided by a small orchestra of four instruments—a big harp, a lyre, a lute, and a flute. Kitten liked the music very much, but she noticed that a good many of the ladies seemed to prefer chattering and examining each other's jewellery to listening.

Later, all the grown-ups went into the big dining-room, with its graceful pillars in the form of lotus-plants,

and its gaily-painted walls. At one end there was a shallow stone tank, with the prettiest bowls and ewers in the house standing round the edge, for use later. Along one side were ranged great jars of wine, all wreathed with flowers; flowers were arranged on the tables too. The guests sat down at small tables, and were provided with thin cakes of bread to wipe their



(British Museum.)

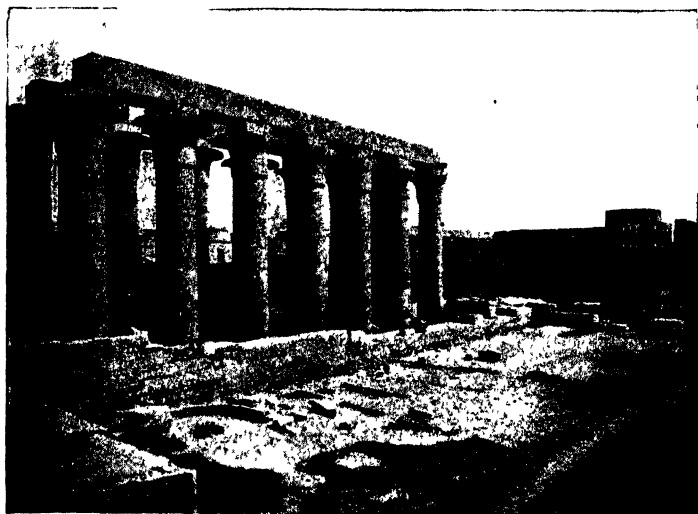
Photo R. B. Fleming.

An Egyptian party.

fingers on instead of napkins. These were very necessary, for when the slaves handed round a roast goose or a dish of vegetables or whatever it might be, these elegant ladies and gentlemen simply tore off or scooped up as much as they wanted with their hand, and ate it without the help of forks and spoons. When the meal had ended, with a sweet course of rich cakes, the slaves brought the ewers from the tank and poured water over the visitors'

hands. Afterwards there was more music and dancing, and sometimes the children could hear the fun being kept up till late at night.

When Kitten was ten and Lion thirteen, a new Pharaoh came to the throne, called Amenhotep III., and he was very soon obliged to go to Nubia up the Nile to crush a rebellion of the negroes there. Sennefer took



Great Temple of Amenhotep III. at Luxor.

(From British Museum Guide to Egyptian Collection.)

part in this expedition, and returned bringing not only gold and cattle and negro slaves as his share of the spoil, but the good news that as a reward for his services he had been given a nominal post in the royal household, which meant that he bore a title of honour and had the right to go to court. So after this, every now and then, his Nile-boat was ordered out and freshly painted, the family's luggage was piled in big wooden chests on the

cabin roof, with the best chariot on top, and away they would go on a visit to Thebes.

Thebes was becoming a very splendid place at this time, for Amenhotep III. never fought another war after the one in Nubia, but gave his attention to building magnificent temples and beautifying not only his capital but other cities of his land. His great works are in ruins now, but people still go in hundreds to see them when they visit Egypt. His own palace has disappeared, because it was built only of brick with wooden pillars like an ordinary house, but no doubt it was a very gorgeous place, standing amongst wonderful gardens planted with trees and shrubs brought from abroad. In its grounds there were cages for the wild animals which were often sent as presents by foreign princes, and a great artificial lake over a mile long, on



Foreign slaves of the Egyptians.

(From Flinders Petrie's "History of Egypt."
Melhuon & Co., Ltd.)

which Pharaoh and his favourite queen went sailing in their state barge. The cool, bright rooms inside were splendidly furnished, with gold and gilding in profusion. Slaves, sent as tribute from all parts of the empire, stood about waving bunches of flowers or huge fans of ostrich feathers to freshen the air, or waited on the courtiers and guests. Amongst the Egyptians, with their

spotless white robes relieved by ornaments and amulets of the lovely blue glaze that was their speciality, there moved brightly-clad foreigners, tribute-bringers, young princes from Syria brought here by Pharaoh's command to be educated, ambassadors from foreign kings. To



Amenhotep III. enthroned.

(From Flinders Petrie's "History of Egypt."
Methuen & Co., Ltd.)

entertain them while they waited for admission to the royal presence, there were musicians and dancers, comical-looking dwarfs from the negro lands, pet monkeys, and so on.

Sennefer had a great tale to tell his family after he had for the first time seen Amenhotep in his palace, sitting in state, surrounded with elaborate ceremonial. He was now not in his war-helmet and his campaigning gear, but wearing his royal attire and most splendid jewellery, and seated on a canopied throne with

a rich carpet before it. The arms of the throne were sphinxes, the seat was upheld by carved figures of his Asiatic and negro subjects, the names of his conquered foes were written on his footstool, so that he trod them under his feet. In his hands he held a whip

and a crook, insignia of his office, as well as the symbol of long life. The canopy over his head was upheld by lotus-flower columns, and decorated with a row of the royal snakes which the kings of Egypt wore in front of their double crown. Those who were admitted into the presence of this gorgeous figure had to bow low, shading their eyes as if dazzled by the sight.

Amenhotep the Magnificent, however, did not only show himself to a few favoured subjects in this way. He might be seen passing through the streets of Thebes in his chariot drawn by fiery horses, on his way to perform a solemn ceremony in one of the temples, or to visit one of his new buildings and see how the work was going on, or perhaps setting out on a hunt. He was very fond of hunting, and once had a number of "scarabs" (ornaments in the form of a beetle) made and distributed to his courtiers, to celebrate his having slain one hundred and two fierce lions in the first ten years of his reign. You may think how eagerly the children looked from their windows to get a glimpse of him on these occasions. Indeed, everything about the town was fascinating to them, the crowded streets, the quays, the market where trade was carried on by barter, the perfume-maker trying to exchange a pot of ointment for a set of fish-hooks, the jeweller's wife trading two strings of beads for a fat fowl, and all of them trying to get the better of the foreign sailors who wandered about sight-seeing and buying trifles to take home with them. Perhaps if they had only known they may have seen Æthon from Knossos on one of his horse-buying journeys!

Time went on, and the children grew up. Kitten, like all Egyptian girls, was considered old enough to be married at what we should think a very early age, and became the wife of a young man named Zanuni, one of the king's lesser secretaries. Before this, one of the Syrian princes who were living at court had wanted to

marry her, but neither her father nor the king liked the idea of Egyptian ladies marrying foreigners. Amenhotep would not allow even the King of Babylon to have an Egyptian princess for a wife. But he had no objection to Egyptians marrying foreign ladies, and indeed set the example by having several wives from abroad. One of these, a princess of Mitanni, arrived with a train of over three hundred attendants, not long after Kitten's marriage; and she and her husband were present at the wedding festivities, and received one of the "scarabs" that were issued in honour of the event.

Zanuni's work as a "true royal scribe" was very interesting, for Amenhotep received many letters from his officials and governors abroad, as well as from rulers of other countries. These were written in Babylonian in cuneiform characters on baked clay tablets. One day there would be dispatches from the governor of some Syrian town, with news that a great quantity of tribute had been sent off and should arrive in the capital shortly, or perhaps containing the less pleasant tidings that a revolt had broken out, and asking for extra troops to put it down—a Sudanese regiment preferred, because the Syrians were particularly afraid of the negro troops. Or the letter might be from some foreign king, sending a polite message and ending up with a request for a present of gold, which he believed was as plentiful as dust in Pharaoh's land. Zanuni had other work as well as the foreign correspondence, however. He had a post in his later life in connection with the home government, and did his work so well that he received the great honour of being publicly presented with gold by the king. He and Kitten drove in their chariot to the palace, and there, while the king and some of the royal family looked on from a balcony, collars of gold were hung about Zanuni's neck till he almost bent under the weight, and his own private scribes made a list of what he received. (I ought,

perhaps, to explain that in Egypt at this time gold was not used in the form of money, and so this was not a payment but an honour.)

Unfortunately, the great days of Amenhotep the Magnificent did not last for ever. He reigned in peace and prosperity for a long time, but when at last he died, there were bad times in store for his country. By that time Sennefer and Ast were both dead, and Lion, living quietly on the estate, did not hear so much of what was going on, but Zanuni and Kitten, who were still at court, had rather a sad old age. This was because Amenhotep's son, who succeeded him, had rather strange and novel ideas, and tried to make great changes in religion, which put the country into a very disturbed state.

Now it might have been a very good thing for the Egyptians to give up believing in the old confused tales of their many gods, and worship the one great Spirit in whom the new king wished them to believe. But they were fond of their old religion, and the new ideas were rather difficult for simple folk to grasp all at once. The priests, of course, were strongly against the new teaching, because it would have put an end to their great power and wealth; this was particularly true of the priests of Amen of Thebes. The young king disliked the worship of this god so much that he changed his name, Amenhotep, the same as his father's, to Akhenaten, because the name Amen formed part of it. He also sent men round the temples to paint over or cut out the name of Amen wherever it appeared, even where it was only part of his father's name. Finally he built a new city far down the Nile, towards the Delta, to be the capital, and leaving Thebes and its angry priests, went to live there with all his court.

Zanuni and his wife and their three children went with the others. They were sorry to leave Thebes, where they, of course, had many friends. and they did

not really care much for the new religion, though they admitted that some of Akhenaten's ideas, and the hymns and prayers which he composed, were very beautiful. But the thing that chiefly worried Zanuni and the other officials was that the king was so absorbed in these matters and in the work of his builders and artists, that he would pay no attention to state affairs. The army and everything else was neglected. The letters from Syria became very gloomy; they said very little about sending off tribute, and a great deal about revolts and intrigues among the native princes, and the harm that was being done by fierce tribes from the Syrian desert who were raiding the land. They begged constantly for advice and troops from Egypt; and the king did not seem to care! One day, for instance, there was a letter from the governor of Jerusalem, telling very bad news, and having a postscript begging the scribe who read it to the king to say plainly to him that his whole land was going to ruin. It fell to Zanuni's lot to deliver this unpleasant message; but it made very little impression on the king, and things went on as before.

It is rather a pity to have to say good-bye to our Egyptian friends at such a sad time; however, this period of disturbance did not last for very long, and the children of Kitten and Zanuni lived to see brighter days again. Akhenaten died and left no son, and so the husbands of two of his daughters reigned after him in turn. The first tried to keep up the new religion, but the second decided that it was a hopeless attempt, and went back to the old ways. Like Amenhotep IV., he changed his name during his reign to show that he had changed his opinions, but the change was in the opposite direction; from Tutankhaten he altered it to Tutankhamen. He is the king whose tomb was recently discovered, and who has been so much talked about since, but he was not a strong or successful ruler, and the confusion lasted till

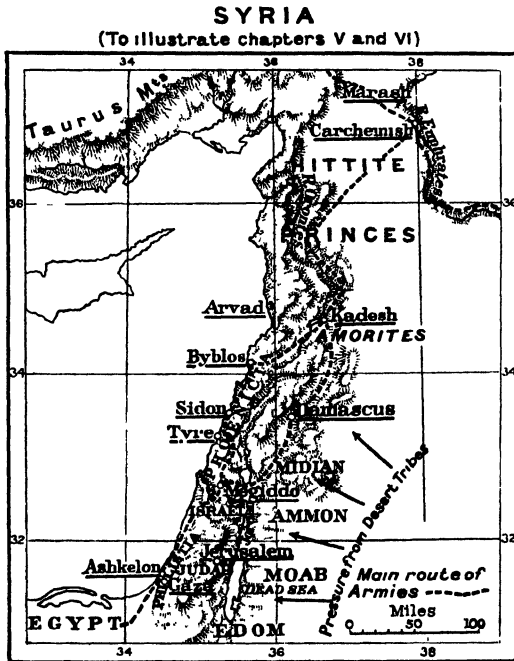
a soldier became Pharaoh and took the government firmly in hand.

After this the country revived, and wars of conquest began once more. Lion had never had a chance of imitating his Great-Grandfather Aahmes and following any warlike Pharaoh to battle, neither had his sons or grandsons ; but his great-grandsons had such an opportunity, and you can imagine them if you like fighting in the great battles which we shall soon hear about. These battles were fought against the king of the Hittites ; and he and his people are the next whom we must visit and make friends with.

CHAPTER V

IN THE LAND OF THE HITTITES

ABOUT the year 1370 B.C., a Babylonian merchant named Akia was travelling with a few servants through North



Syria. He was returning from Egypt by way of the Hittite city of Carchemish, hoping to do very profitable

business in that great rich town. But he never reached it. For this was the time when Akhenaten was Pharaoh, and under his weak rule there was much disorder in the countries which Egypt was supposed to govern. Akia, knowing this, earnestly wished that he and his men were safe in Carchemish; and he was scarcely surprised when, almost in sight of the town, they were stopped by a band of soldiers and roughly questioned in a language he did not understand. One of his servants, a native of those parts, whispered to him that they were raiders from Hatti—Hittites, that is, not from Carchemish, but from the wilder lands beyond Taurus to the north. He knew their language, and began to interpret for his master. But in the meantime another of the servants, a cowardly fellow, tried to slip away and hide from the soldiers; he was pursued and caught, and in a moment the two parties had come to blows. Akia himself was unarmed and helpless, and soon his men were dead or scattered, his goods were seized, and he himself was following his captors towards their far-off home.

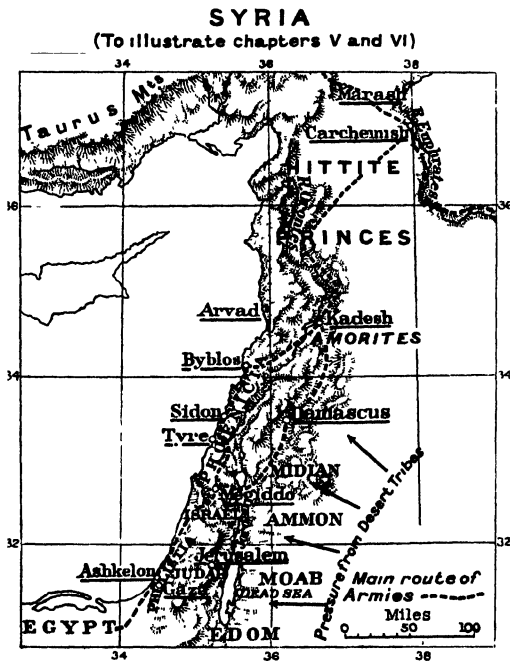
They tramped away northwards, and the unhappy merchant grew more and more hopeless as he watched and listened to the Hittites. Their speech sounded rough and strange to him; they did not even all speak alike. They were heavily armed with axes and long spears and short straight swords, and carried big shields wider at the top and bottom than in the middle. From beneath their tall pointed caps their long hair fell in curls, contrasting strangely with the shaven heads of the Egyptians, that were fresh in Akia's memory. He decided that he had fallen amongst a very rude and warlike people, and only hoped that they did not mean to sacrifice him to their gods as soon as they reached home.

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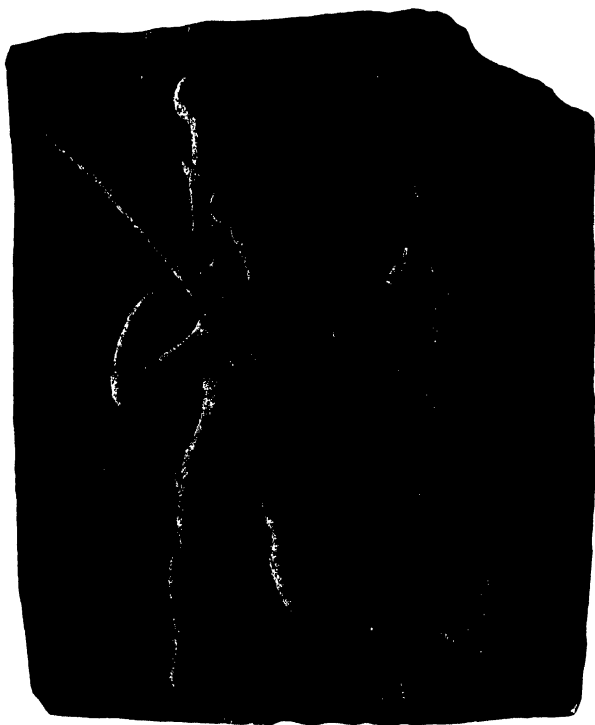
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On the third day they came to a large town by a river, called Marsh. Akia was glad to find himself in a prosperous-looking city, with temples and fine buildings

along its streets : it made him feel safer. The place was already full of soldiers, and fresh bands were pouring in. Some had prisoners with them, some were loaded with booty, and even those who had gained nothing but



A Hittite soldier.

(From Garstang's "*Land of the Hittites*." Constable & Co., Ltd.)

a wound in the fighting seemed cheerful. Akia saw that he had been brought to the headquarters of the victorious Hittite army, but he had no idea in what war they had been engaged. He noticed that the troops seemed well organized and under good discipline

The morning after their arrival, Akia was taken by the leader of the company who had captured him to a large building in the centre of the town, which he took to be the palace of Marash. Here a man in military dress, who was evidently an important officer, asked him his name, nationality, business, and so forth; speaking through an interpreter. When he heard that the captive had just come from Egypt he showed great interest, and asked question after question. How did the people like Pharaoh Akhenaten and his strange doings? Did the country seem prosperous? Was the army in a good state, and had he heard any talk of war? What were men in the Syrian towns saying about politics? Akia answered warily, not knowing who his questioner might be, but his replies seemed to give satisfaction. Then a messenger came in, announcing the king's arrival in the town, and the officer dismissed the prisoner and his guards, and hurried away to attend on his royal master.

That evening a lesser official came with the interpreter to the house where Akia and his captors lodged, and he learned what was to be his fate. He was given to understand that the Hittite king, Šubbiluliuma, who had large dominions and was, indeed, the greatest monarch who had yet governed Hatti, needed scribes who could write the cuneiform script, to help him in his correspondence with foreign princes (for in those days all kings wrote to each other in Babylonian). If Akia would become one of the king's secretaries, good; if not—well, he could imagine the rest. Akia asked for time to think it over, and left to himself he sat down and wept.

He had heard a good deal of this king Šubbiluliuma, and very little that was to his credit. The Egyptians called him "Saplel of Kheta," and distrusted him for his intrigues among their Syrian vassals. Men of other nations all spoke of him as a crafty, ambitious monarch, who aimed at being as great as Pharaoh, but was too

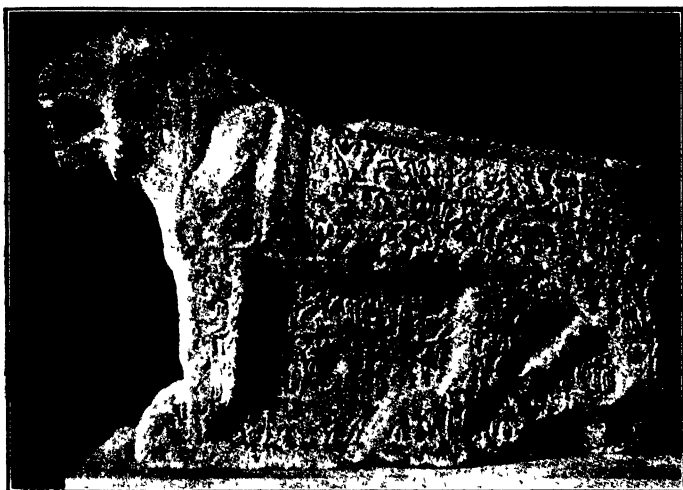
cautious to fight him, remembering Egypt's warrior kings of earlier days. Much of his power had been gained by wiles and trickery, and evidently he had very little respect for international law, if he countenanced the kidnapping of other kings' subjects in this way. Akia remembered having heard that once, when certain Babylonian merchants had been robbed in Egyptian territory, the king had written to Pharaoh and complained, and the merchants had been compensated for their losses ; and he wept afresh to think that no help could come to him from Babylon, since probably no one there would ever know what had become of him. He did not like the idea of taking service under Suplel, an intriguer and stirrer-up of strife, or of living among a people whom he considered rather uncivilized in their ways ; but he had really no choice, and when the officer returned he agreed to all that was proposed.

When that was settled, Akia ventured to ask a few questions, and learnt that the army was passing through Marash on its way home from a successful campaign in the land of Mitanni, which was in great disorder, its king, a rival to Suplel, having recently been murdered. Akia now understood better why the officer who had questioned him in the morning had shown such interest in Egyptian affairs ; Pharaoh was a friend to Mitanni, and might be expected to come to the help of its prince against the Hittites. He also heard that they would all be leaving very soon, for between Marash and the Hittite capital lay great mountains, and if they did not start soon the passes would be blocked with snow. The Babylonian shivered at the very thought, and asked if he might have some warmer clothes than the thin robes and sandals in which he had set out from Egypt. This was promised him, and the two men left.

The next morning a soldier arrived with orders for Akia to join the king's retinue at the palace. He also

brought him a set of garments such as the Hittites wore—a warm tunic, a thick cloak, a close-fitting cap, and a pair of strong warm boots with curious turned-up toes. Akia put the things on; he did not admire the costume, but realized that it was sensible if ungraceful. Then they set out for the court.

As they approached the palace, they found the streets



Lion Corner-stone from Marash, with Hittite writing carved upon it.

(From Garstang's "*Land of the Hittites*." Constable.)

thronged with people, and only made their way with difficulty to the entrance. Just as they reached it, the doors were thrown open, and a file of soldiers came out and began to clear a space before the portico and open a path among the crowd. Akia's guide said something to him which, of course, he did not understand, thrust him among a group of men standing beside one of the stone lions that guarded the doorway, and joined the

other soldiers. To Akia's great surprise, he heard some one at his elbow speaking in his own language, and turning round, found another Babylonian standing beside him! In an ordinary way he would not have cared about meeting this man, for he recognized him as the agent of a business firm in Babylon, who had been sent to Syria, and had defrauded his employers and disappeared, some years before; but he was too glad to hear his own tongue again to care who spoke it, so they talked together as they waited.

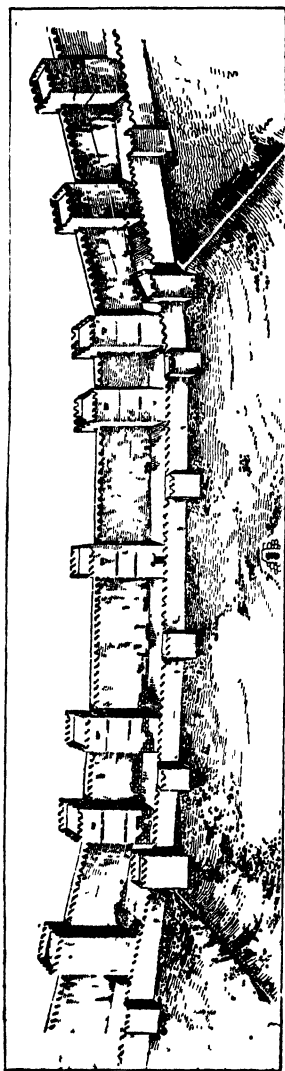
Akia's acquaintance, it seemed, not daring to return to his native town, had wandered northwards and taken service as a scribe with one of the lesser Hittite princes, and was now waiting with the rest of his master's train, to witness a memorable scene of triumph for King Šubbiluliuma. For that very hour the Prince of Mitanni, Mattiuaza, was expected to arrive in Marash, fleeing from his enemies to take refuge with the Great King, and rumour said that it would end in his marrying a Hittite princess and ruling Mitanni as her father's vassal.

Soon the doors were opened again, and there was a stir among the crowd. Then the Hittite monarch appeared—Šubbiluliuma, the Sun, the Great King of Hatti, the Valiant, as his subjects called him. Akia, you may be sure, looked at him with great interest—a tall, hardy, shrewd-faced man, dressed and armed like the officers about him, only in a richer style. He and his aides-de-camp came right out and set off at a smart pace down the street, a bodyguard of soldiers fell in behind, and the men who had been waiting outside the doors, including Akia, followed as well. They left the town and halted by a bridge over the river of Marash, and soon a little procession of three chariots was seen approaching, and in a few moments had drawn up beside the royal party. Their trappings were torn and soiled, and they were splashed with mud; both the horses and their drivers

looked weary. From the first a man stepped down, stiffly, as if he was very tired; his scanty clothing was disarranged and travel-stained, his long hair all in disorder, yet he moved with dignity. It was Mattiuaza, the fugitive prince of Mitanni. He approached the king and made a deep reverence before him; Šubbiluliuma took him by the hand and raised him up kindly, and they talked earnestly together for a few moments. At first Akia could not hear what was said, and would not have understood if he had heard, but at length the Great King raised his voice, so that all might hear his last words, "I will make you a child of mine, and place you on the throne of your father; and the gods know, that what I say, I fulfil." Then a great cheer was raised, while the soldiers lifted their spears and clashed them together.

After this they all returned to the town, and when the bodyguard was dismissed at the palace entrance, Akia's soldier-guide took charge of him again, and the two Babylonians had to say good-bye. They met again, however, before the army left Marash, and Akia had his first lessons in the Hittite language and writing from his fellow-exile. He was very glad of this, because he was tired of being shouted at as if he were deaf, as always happens to foreigners who do not understand what is said to them. The rumours his acquaintance had heard proved to be well founded, and one of his first tasks was to make a copy of the treaty by which Mattiuaza, in return for Saplel's help and the gift of his daughter's hand, promised to be his faithful ally in future. Akia had already been brought before the king and questioned by him, again chiefly about Pharaoh and his empire: and he noticed that the news he gave, of disorder and revolt in Syria, afforded great satisfaction to the king and his lord.

Soon the army left Marash, and set out for Hattusas, the king's own city. Akia never forgot that journey



Walls
Hittites
p. 5 "A1

through the wild Taurus mountains in the bitter cold of early winter. He marvelled at the endurance of the Hittites, who seemed to feel neither cold nor fatigue. One day they toiled up a great pass, with snow-clad peaks towering above them on either hand. At the top they halted, and cleared away the snow from a stone altar, guarded at each side by the carved figure of a crouching lion, and there the king offered up a sacrifice, to win the favour of the storm-god, that their march might not be delayed. After descending from the mountains they kept on northwards across a high plateau. To Akia, accustomed to the rich valleys of the south, it seemed bleak enough, but his companions said it was good farming land, where cattle and hardy horses were reared. He was beginning to understand their speech well now, though the different dialects still puzzled him a good deal.

At last, one day, they saw in the distance the mighty walls and towers of a city, and the men raised a shout, for these were the defences of Hattuşaş their home. Akia gazed at them astonished ; he had not thought the Hittites capable of such works, and compared with the



The Lion Gate of Hattuşaş.

(From Garstang's "*Land of the Hittites*." Constable & Co., Ltd.)

usual low mud-brick buildings of his own distant land, the lofty stone ramparts seemed to him as wonderful a sight as any he had seen, even in Egypt. The troops entered by a big gateway, cleverly constructed of several

massive stones built into the wall and cut to form an arch ; at each side was carved a great snarling lion. A warm welcome awaited the men from their wives and children, and the sight of all the greetings that passed made Akia feel miserably lonely for a time. But he was used to being a stranger in foreign towns, having travelled a good deal, and he quickly forgot his loneliness in the interest of his fresh surroundings.

The new official was comfortably lodged and well treated, and soon settled down happily enough. His work was quite interesting ; he attended on the king in his business hours, and helped to translate the letters from foreign princes, and put the replies back into Babylonian again. At times he could help his royal master by telling him something he wished to know about the southern countries which he had visited in earlier days. When the king did not want him, he was employed with many others in the royal library or among the archives, cataloguing and copying records, and sorting the state papers—or rather the state clay-tablets—indexing them, and putting them away in their proper pigeon-holes for reference. He often found very interesting reading here, for among the tablets were accounts of previous wars, copies of old treaties, and so forth, and he began to realize that the Great King ruled a far more ancient and mighty kingdom than he had supposed. Though he never liked cunning old Saplel, he served him faithfully, and in a few years was rewarded by the gift of a good house near the palace, and by being married to the daughter of a well-to-do family in the town.

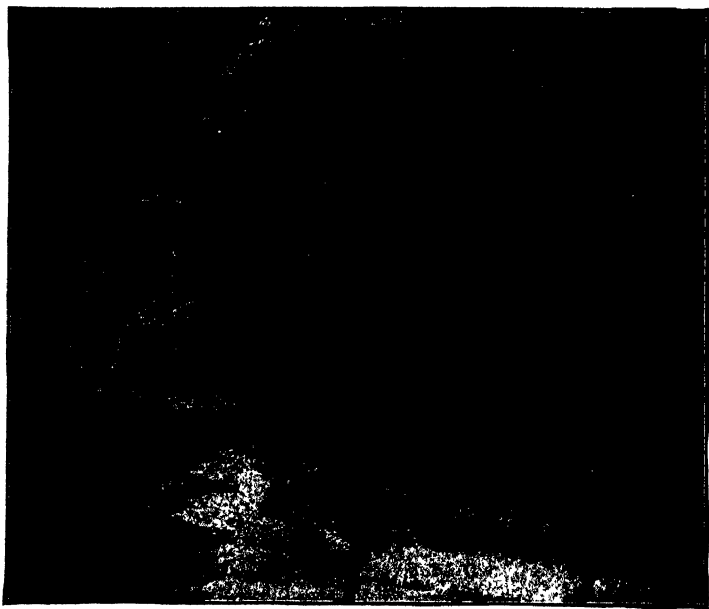
In his spare time Akia found much interest in exploring the neighbourhood and studying the ways of those about him. The fortifications of the city never ceased to fascinate him, and he spent many hours wandering about them and watching the workmen who were constantly employed in repairing and strengthening them.

He saw how cleverly the builders had taken advantage of the steep slopes and broken ground on which the city stood, making it almost impossible for an enemy to approach. There were two walls, one inside the other, each of great thickness, and several gateways besides the lion-guarded entrance by which Akia had first arrived. These were all built in much the same way, with a guardroom at each side and strong square towers above ; one was carved with the figure of some great warrior. At the south end of the town the double wall ran along the top of a natural ridge, through which they had made a narrow tunnel, lined with great stones, to enable the defenders to sally out secretly in times of siege. Here and there within the walls small crags and hillocks stood up among the streets, and these were themselves carefully fortified, one being the citadel. The defences were not only repaired but extended and improved, and both they and the chief buildings of the town were gradually adorned as befitted the capital of a great and rising state, ruled by such an ambitious king.

The life that went on within the walls was still more interesting to the stranger from the south. On the weary journey northwards, Akia had felt that he was coming to the very world's end ; and now he found that the world was a much bigger place than he had thought, and Hattusaş was more like the centre than the end of it. For in its streets and market-places there were men from all the lands of the west and north, the king's allies from the Ægean shores, with their heavy iron armour and weapons, and merchants bringing such goods as Akia had never seen—furs of dark shaggy animals, lumps of amber from the coasts of a northern sea, and gold ornaments of strange device. There were big fair-haired men, captives from the Hittites' northern wars, who were kept for a while and trained before being sent to garrison the Syrian towns at the other end of Saplel's

82 GREAT PEOPLES OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

empire. Envoys came to the court, wearing strange clothing and speaking the strange tongues of lands that Akia had never heard of before ; and he began to realize how the power of Hatti stood between the rich and ancient lands he knew and the hungry, restless peoples of the north.



Procession of Hittite Deities carved in the rock.

(From Garstang's "*Land of the Hittites*." Constable & Co., Ltd.)

Akia, of course, inquired about the religion of the Hittites, and found that they chiefly worshipped a great Mother-Goddess and her holy son. The soldiers' favourite deity was the war-god Teshub, the god of storms, whose sword was the lightning. On certain feast-days Akia had to go with the other court officials

to a very sacred place outside the town, where ceremonies were performed before all the Hittite deities, whose figures were carved along the rocky walls of a natural recess in the hillside. They formed a long procession, standing in some cases on the backs of wild animals, or even on the howed heads of their worshippers, and



Hittite musicians.

(From Garstang's "*Land of the Hittites*." Constable & Co., Ltd.)

attended by their priests and priestesses. Akia was quite willing to believe that they were very powerful gods, but he thought that as a work of art the sculptures were not as fine as those he had seen in Egypt. But of course he did not say so.

In the same way Akia did not think the king's palace

or his feasts and entertainments as grand as those he had seen or heard of in other lands. He never cared much for the music the Hittites played, whether on flutes and trumpets, guitars bedecked with ribbons, or a bagpipe made out of a dog's skin. He thought the Hittite way of writing, which they used on their monuments (see p. 75), very clumsy. He had never been fond of the chase, and had no wish to join the king's hunting-parties and rush about in a rocking, swaying chariot over the wild country round, in pursuit of lions or deer or wild cattle. In fact, this Babylonian merchant, with his knowledge of the fine ways of Egypt, found the life of Ḫatti in many ways rather rough and unrefined. When a son was born to him he gave him his own name, Akia, and as the child grew up he often told him about Babylon and other foreign lands. He tried to impress on the boy that he was only half a Hittite, and need not think Ḫatti the finest place on earth, as his playmates did. But he did not live to see his son grow up, as he caught cold and died during one of the bitter winters he had always dreaded.

So Akia the Younger, though he bore a Babylonian name, and had learnt to speak and write Babylonian so as to be able to succeed to his father's post at court, became a regular Hittite. He, in turn, married a lady of Ḫattuṣaṣ, and their son was called by the Hittite name Zidanta, and scarcely knew that his family had any connection with Babylon at all. By this time old Saplel, the diplomatist and intriguer, had been dead for some time, and his second son Mursil was spending the early years of his reign in war, and triumphing over his enemies on every side. He was a wonderfully clever general, and every year there were fresh victories to be recorded in the archives. Akia the Younger was kept quite busy making copies of the accounts of his campaigns for the men of future times to read, and in the evenings he used to

delight Zidanta with tales of the king's great deeds, which he had learnt in this way. Zidanta listened, too, to the talk of his uncles, his mother's brothers, who were in the army, about King Mursil's skill and bravery in battle, and he decided to be a soldier when he grew up, instead of following the peaceful profession of his father. His Hittite uncles were delighted to see him thus growing up "like a young wild-ox," as they said, and in time he



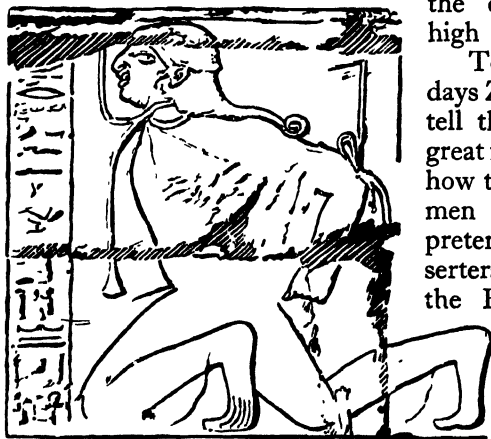
Rameses II. goes to battle, with his pet lion beside his chariot.

(From Maspero's "Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria." Chapman & Hall, Ltd.)

became an officer in the chariot-corps, and earned great praise for his courage and skill.

In the later years of King Mursil's reign a new war began. A warlike young Pharaoh, Rameses II., came to the throne of Egypt, and wanted to win back some of the lands which his ancestors had held before the Hittites had become so powerful. The chief battle of the war, however, was not fought till Mursil was dead and Zidanta was getting quite a middle-aged man. In 1288 B.C.

the new king, Mutallu; gathered together a great host from his own lands and the lands of all his vassals and allies, and marching southwards met Rameses at Kadesh on the Orontes. A terrible struggle took place, with great loss on both sides. Zidanta fought with great valour, and on returning home was given an estate near the capital, in recognition of his services, raised to a higher rank, and married to a lady at court, Gilukhipa, the daughter of a high official there.



A Hittite captured by the Egyptians.

(From King's "History of Babylon." Chatto & Windus.)

To the end of his days Zidanta loved to tell the story of the great fight at Kadesh; how the king sent out men with orders to pretend to be deserters and mislead the Egyptians with false news, but they were suspected and forced to confess the truth, so that the plan failed;

how in spite of this the day went well for the Hittites at first, and Rameses himself, pet lion and all, was surrounded by their chariots, and only rescued by his own men in the nick of time. Zidanta had to admit that in the crash of the final charge the heavier Hittite chariots, manned by three men apiece, did not prove so superior to the lighter Egyptian ones, with only two men each, as had been hoped. Then he would tell how at last the Hittite army had been forced back, and had tried to cross the river as best they could, to take refuge behind

the walls of Kadesh ; how some were captured, some shot down by the archers as they swam, and some drowned in the stream amidst all the confusion. And here Zidanta could not help smiling, though it was all so sad, as he recalled the spectacle of one of the allied princes who was dragged out of the river, more dead than alive, by his servants, and held up by the heels to drain the water out of him. He always declared that the Egyptians also lost so heavily that it was hardly worth their while to call it a victory, as they did.

The war went on after this for some time, even when a new king, Hattuṣil III., came to the throne. But after several years Hattuṣil decided to make peace with Egypt, as he had many other enemies. Zidanta, who had seen a great deal of service and was growing old, was now allowed to exchange his command in the army for an honourable but less active position near the king. When Hattuṣil suggested that the two countries should leave off fighting and make an alliance instead, Rameses was not sorry, and soon it was decided that ambassadors from both sides should meet in Syria and discuss the terms of the treaty. Zidanta was chosen to be one of the Hittite ambassadors, and took a great part in the long negotiations that followed.

By this time he and Gilukhipa had several children, including two sons, whose names were Shanda and Laria. Shanda, the elder, was a bright, lively boy, who always took a particular interest in his father's tales of travel and war. He was full of questions about foreign lands and people, and especially the Egyptians, whom his father now knew both as foes and as friends. Shanda wanted to hear again and again how Pharaoh's ambassadors looked, how they spoke and what they had said and done. He wanted nothing so much, he said, as to travel and see foreign countries, and Egypt above all. Two wise men from Babylon

at this time living at court, a physician and a sorcerer, who had come to cure the king of an illness some time before. Their talk interested Shanda, particularly when he found out that his own ancestors had come from that famous city. But nothing could alter his desire to visit Egypt, and when he saw one day the departure in state of the envoys who were taking the final copy of the great treaty to Thebes, he cried bitterly because he was not old enough to go with them.

This copy of the treaty, by the way, is worth describing. It was written in Egyptian and Babylonian, and inscribed on a tablet not of common clay but of silver. The seals of the Hittite king and queen and of the sacred witnesses they had invoked were likewise engraved there. No doubt King Hattuşil wished Pharaoh to realize that his new friends and allies were a people not only rich in silver, which was still very rare in southern lands, but skilled in fine workmanship as well.

Both sides kept faithfully the promises they had made in the treaty, and after a time it was arranged that the alliance should be strengthened by a Hittite princess becoming one of King Rameses' wives. The lady was to be taken to Egypt by her royal father and a great train of attendants and soldiers. Now was Shanda's chance, and you may imagine with what eagerness he set out with the others. The journey was in itself a great adventure, and Shanda enjoyed it all, caring nothing that they travelled in winter with all its hardships, to the great astonishment of the warmth-loving Egyptians. The splendid company made its way over the mountains to Marash, by the very road that Shanda's great-grandfather had travelled as a prisoner so many years before. From there they passed on southwards through the lands of Hattuşil's vassals in North Syria, who all received the Great King and his daughter with pomp and splendour. At all the cities they visited, now called

Aintab, Aleppo, Hamath, and Homs, a guard of honour was sent out to meet them at some distance, and as they neared the gates the people too came running out to welcome them with dances, songs, and shouting, the women being particularly anxious to get a glimpse of the beautiful royal bride. When they left, they were escorted by horsemen towards the next town in the same way. Kings were not often seen travelling about in those days, except when they went to war, and you may imagine what excitement the visit caused, and how the folk of the little white villages on the hills came crowding down to see the procession pass !

Leaving the Lebanon behind, they came to the coast, and most of the party now saw the sea for the first time in their lives. To avoid a very dangerous part of the way, where the road was nothing but a rough flight of steps in the cliff-side (called the Ladder of Tyre), they took ship for a short distance. But the princess did not like this at all, and was glad to land again and ride up the Plain of Esdraelon, away from the roaring waves. Near Mount Carmel they were met by a body of Pharaoh's troops, and escorted in triumph through the southern plains and across the barren isthmus to Egypt.

Shanda's dearest wishes were now fulfilled. He saw the wonderful Nile, and the vast buildings and monuments, new and old, that lined its banks ; he looked on the face of the great soldier-king, now growing old, of whose prowess at Kadesh years ago his father had so often told him. He watched solemn ceremonies in dark mysterious temples, and took part in the pageantry and feasting that accompanied the wedding. The presents of robes and jewellery which he and all the rest of the party received filled him with delight, and he returned to Hattuşaş laden with souvenirs and full of admiration for Egypt and all its ways.

Shanda was not the only Hittite to feel this enthusiasm.

To copy Egypt soon became the leading idea in the towns of Hatti, particularly among the younger people, and Egyptian styles in art, in dress, and in ways of living were all the fashion. Some of the elders, including Zidanta, did not approve of this, and held that the old-fashioned national customs were good enough, but they were laughed at as being behind the times.

Rameses was charmed with his Hittite bride, and in a few years had the opportunity of repaying kindness to her family. A younger daughter of King Hattušil, Princess Bintresh, was taken very ill, and was thought to be possessed by an evil spirit. So first an Egyptian sorcerer was sent, to try and drive away the demon ; but he failed. Then there came to Hattušaš a great procession of white-robed priests, who bore with them the holy image of Khonsu-the-Plan-Maker-in-Thebes, the moon-god of Egypt, who in his sacred bark had travelled across the sea and over the wild mountains to heal the suffering princess. In the presence of the king and queen and a great assembly of courtiers, amongst whom stood Zidanta and Shanda, the lady was brought before the god, and cured of her illness ; the evil spirit departed, and great rejoicings followed.

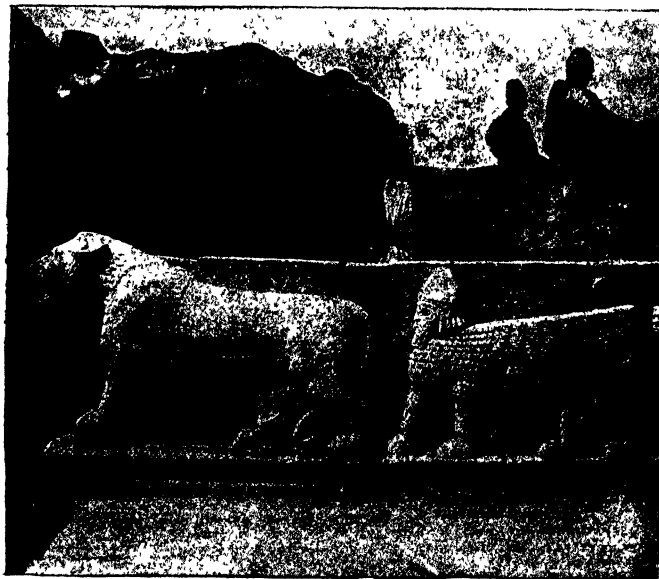
But this great event, which caused such joy in the palace, was a source of trouble in Zidanta's house. For Shanda now talked so much of Egyptian superiority in this thing and that, that his father, who had never forgotten the times when Egypt was the Hittites' bitter enemy, could bear with him no longer. They quarrelled fiercely, and Shanda left home for ever, vowing that Egypt was the finest country on earth and he would go and live there. However, on his way southwards, he decided to visit Carchemish, and there he met a relative of his mother, a wealthy merchant of the town, who was very kind to him. Having no son of his own, he suggested that his young cousin should join in his business and

marry his only daughter. Shanda, who was beginning to realize how foolish he had been, was glad to accept this good offer, and so we leave him for the present, settled in Carchemish, and far better off than he deserved to be !

Zidanta, now an old man, never quite recovered from this blow, but his younger son was a great comfort to him for his remaining years. Laria had none of Shanda's extravagant ideas, but was a quiet, steady-going young man of the old Hittite type. He had no ambition beyond living quietly on the family estates, and doing his duty in the army when called upon. He took part in one or two small frontier campaigns, but never distinguished himself, for he was in no way as able a man as his father. The same was true of many young men of the time : the Hittites did not seem to be the great people they had been. Indeed, Laria lived to see the beginning of the downfall of the Great Kings of Hatti and the empire they had ruled. There were no more wars with Egypt, but new enemies appeared—Assyria on the south-east, fresh invaders from the northern grasslands, the Phrygians and others, on the west. About 1230 B.C. a great famine afflicted the country, and although corn was sent from Egypt to relieve the distress, many people died, Laria among them. Before the end of the century his sons had fallen one by one, some in warfare against the Assyrians, others fighting against the northern invaders, who had at last succeeded in sweeping across the land of the Hittites as they pressed on to the south. Hattuşaş itself was no longer a great city, and with its fall there perished the last of the family of Akia the Babylonian, who had so greatly prospered there.

—No, not quite the last ; we are forgetting Shanda, far away in Carchemish. His sons, like those of Laria, had to fight in a vain defence of their land against the same great attack from the north, but, more fortunate than

their cousins of Hattuṣaṣ, they survived the struggle, and their children were among the inhabitants of Carchemish when after some time it was rebuilt in great splendour. Perhaps their portraits are carved somewhere in the wonderful procession of sculptures which adorned the central square of the town. They may even have



Hittite carving in Assyrian style.

(From Garstang's "*Land of the Hittites*." Constable & Co., Ltd.)

been related to the royal family who are so charmingly pictured there—the king and queen going out to meet their victorious troops, the children behind them playing with their toys, and finally the baby, carried by its nurse, and followed by its pet animal led along on a string!

Here, then, we will leave the last descendants of Akia, living happily, let us hope, in the rich luxurious city,

with its splendid buildings and imposing walls. Carchemish was certainly a wonderful town. It stood in an important position at the crossing of the Euphrates, so that traders from all quarters passed through it, and there was much business to be done. Where the river itself did not protect it, the town was ringed with strong fortifications resembling those of Hattuşaş. Its standard weight, the "maneh of Carchemish," was used in trade all over Western Asia. Its wealthy merchants lived in fine houses, comfortably arranged and beautifully decorated; they wore gorgeous fringed and embroidered robes, and reclined at feasts on couches of ivory, made from the tusks of the elephants which were still to be found in the wooded country round. The soldiers who fought for them carried weapons of iron, and their wives and daughters were decked with gold and other jewellery of marvellous workmanship.

Just as the northern Hittites had admired and imitated the Egyptians, when once they became their allies, so the southern Hittites, in Carchemish and other towns, seemed to have copied the Babylonians and later the Assyrians in a good many ways, though Assyria was really their enemy. But to speak of Assyria brings us to a new subject; and that is, the lives of the other peoples besides the Hittites with whom the Assyrians had to do. So from Carchemish we turn southwards once more, to the cities and kingdoms of Palestine.

CHAPTER VI

THE JEWS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS

WE have heard a good deal about Syria in the last two chapters, but nothing of the descendants of Abraham, whose Promised Land it was. Now, however, the Children of Israel are going to appear in the land of Canaan, and we can try to put together a picture of the country and its peoples as they found it.

First of all, what was the Promised Land like to look at? It is a difficult country to describe shortly, because there is so much variety in it—the low plain along the coast, rich sunny valleys inland, high bare hills or moors in the south. From the hot deep trench where the Jordan flows, far below sea-level, to waste its waters in the bitter Dead Sea, you can look up and see snow shining on Mount Hermon. It is a land of dry summers and wet winters, and its people are used to both heat and cold. Sometimes the hot summer days are tempered by a cool wind bringing a mist from the sea, sometimes they are made almost unbearable by dry dusty storms from the desert. There are woods and orchards as well as barren stony pastures, and in the spring it is gay with the flowers which help its rich cornfields and olive-yards and vineyards to make it “a land of corn and wine, of oil olive and of honey.”

But this “good land,” so attractive to men who had been used to getting a scanty living from the scattered pools and pastures of the wilderness, was not lying empty

and waiting for them. Every one knows the list of its mixed inhabitants, Canaanites, Amorites, Hittites, Hivites, Jebusites, Perizzites, and others as well. We know who and what the Hittites were—scattered subjects of the Great Kings of Hatti, who for some reason or other had left their homes and settled in the south. The Canaanites and the Amorites, as we said once before (p. 5), were Semites who had come out of the wilderness long ago, even before the days of Abraham, and were thoroughly settled in the land. The Jebusites were the tribe whose chief city was Jerusalem. The others were of less importance. In the north, beside the coast, lay the rich and ancient towns of the Phœnicians. So the Hebrews when they arrived were not going to have things all their own way.

Then, too, we know something more about Canaan or Syria than the mere names of its inhabitants and where they came from. It was the country whose princes had fought against the great Thothmes III. and other Pharaohs, and later had had to pay tribute and send their sons to be educated in Egypt. The description of their tribute shows us in what a rich, luxurious way they must have lived. Their cities, Megiddo, Kadesh, Lachish, Gezer, and others, were great fortified places on hillocks or mounds, "walled up to heaven," the Israelitish spies said. Their leaders went into battle clad in armour and driving richly-ornamented chariots. They traded with foreign countries, and their own craftsmen and artists could make all sorts of beautiful things for use or decoration. No wonder the Israelites, after their bondage in Egypt and their hard life in the wilderness, felt small and helpless in comparison !

Within the massive walls of the Canaanitish towns there lay a crowded maze of low, roughly-built houses, with irregular lanes and byways rather than proper streets between them. It was nobody's business to keep

the roads clean, and dirt and rubbish were swept out from the houses and allowed to lie there. If a house fell down or crumbled into decay, and a new one was needed in its place, the owner did not dig fresh foundations, but simply levelled the ruins and built on the top of them. Thus in course of time the mounds on which the cities stood grew gradually higher, and nowadays people who go to Syria and the East generally, digging for ancient remains, recognize these "tells," as they are called, by their shape, and often find layer upon layer of ruins inside them. But in ancient times the chief result was to make slowly steeper the slope up which the women had to carry their water-pots daily ; for though they had rock-cisterns inside the town for use in times of siege, they usually brought in their water-supply from wells outside the walls, beside which stood also drinking-troughs for the animals.

Many of the houses were arranged round their own courtyards, into which the rooms looked, so that the street-walls were blank and windowless. Ordinary people's houses were probably plain and undecorated inside, with very simple furniture, though nobles and rich men lived in great style. In the kitchen premises there would be big pottery jars for storing oil, meal, and so forth ; a stone contrivance, rather like a slightly hollowed pastry-board with a rounded rolling-pin, for crushing corn ; a few bronze knives and tools. On the walls of the rooms hung little images of gods and goddesses, which to us look very clumsy and ugly. Unlike the Egyptians, the Syrians wore brightly-coloured clothes, and the men were usually bearded. They carried seals like the Babylonians, and the women had many ornaments of gold.

The images on the walls were usually those of a great goddess called Ashtoreth, or Astarte, who was very much like Ishtar of Babylon. The Canaanites also believed

in many lesser gods, the "Baalim," or Lords, who ruled in the cornfields and vineyards and pastures. To please these gods, so that they might be willing to send abundant crops and increase the flocks and herds, the



The High Place of Gezer.

(By kind permission of the Palestine Exploration Fund.)

Canaanites performed ceremonies at their "High Places" on the hill-tops. Here there would be an altar, either one built up of earth or stone, or a natural flat

surface of rock with little hollows cut in it, into which were poured offerings of wine or oil or blood from the sacrifices. At times the people would offer up not only animals, but even their own children, whose tiny bones have been found buried in jars beside these altars. There was generally a grove of trees at hand, where the chief goddess was supposed to live ; if there were no trees growing, a wooden pole or block was set up instead, such as the Old Testament calls an "Asherah." Sometimes there was a cave close by, in whose mysterious darkness the priests gave signs and foretold the future. But the chief feature was a great row of huge unhewn stones standing on end. They seem to have been the holiest thing of all, and were anointed with oil, and kissed in adoration, till they were polished quite smooth in places.

Dreadful as this worship seems to us, we can easily see how the Israelites were tempted to join in it. In spite of Moses' teaching, they were very slow to understand what the First Commandment really means, and for a long time went on thinking that so long as they gave the chief honours to their own God, it did not matter if they worshipped others as well. So they did what other ancient peoples often did—tried to make friends with the gods of their enemies and win them over to their side, thinking that unless they could please the Baalim as the Canaanites did, the beautiful rich land would be struck with barrenness. They did not at first know much about farming, and would naturally think that the sacrifices and magic ceremonies were as important as ploughing and sowing. This is why the sect of the Rechabites thought all agriculture sinful, and refused to taste wine or even settle down in houses or cities ; they hated all these things because of the idolatry that was connected with them, and tried to live as they had done in the old desert days, when there were no such temptations.

We do not know exactly when the Israelites arrived in Syria ; perhaps it was during the time when the Egyptian governors were complaining so bitterly to Akhenaten about the raiders from the desert. In any case, they were not the only people who were making their way into the country about that time, though they were the most successful in doing so. We read a great deal about their wars with the Midianites and the men of Moab and Ammon and Edom. These races were related to the Jews, who admitted it by saying that their enemies too were descended from the family of Abraham. The Old Testament often calls them the Children of the East ; we usually call them the Arameans. Unlike the Hebrews, they were not escaping from bondage anywhere, but simply coming out of the desert because of drought and scarcity, as the Canaanites and Amorites had done long ago (see p. 5). They did not succeed in crossing the Jordan, but had to set up their kingdoms to the east and south of it, on the desert edge. Some of them occupied Damascus, which was already a very old city. They could not go further north than this, because of the Hittites who held the northern towns.

Moab was the strongest of these little kingdoms. It was very small, only about the size of our county of Hampshire ; none of the Syrian states were large. The country was rich both in crops and in sheep and cattle, and we read how for a time the Moabites paid tribute to the kings of Israel of wool and live animals from their flocks. But later their king Mesha refused to pay, and when the King of Israel with his allies came against him and wasted his country, he offered up his eldest son as a sacrifice to the Moabite god Chemosh upon the walls of his besieged city. Mesha wrote an account of his wars with Israel upon a great stone, which has been found and read.

Other enemies of the Israelites were the Midianites, also "Children of the East," who came out of the desert "like grasshoppers for multitude, and their camels were without number, as the sand by the sea-side," making sudden raids, slaying and plundering. We read in the Book of Judges of Gideon's wars against them, and how in revenge for his brother's death he pursued Zebah and Zalmunna, kings of Midian, and slew them, and took their purple robes and golden earrings and ornaments, and the chains of golden crescents that had decked their camels' necks. So even the Midianites had certain kinds of wealth and luxury, though they kept to the old nomadic ways.

Some of the most famous stories in the Book of Judges are those which tell of Samson, and his share in the long war between Israel and the Philistines. If we wanted to, we could make up a name for the Philistines like that of the Midianites and Ammonites and others, and call them the "Sons of the West," for they did not belong to Syria or the eastern deserts, but had come into the land from quite a different direction. We heard at the end of the last chapter of a great host of invaders, partly Northerners, partly some of the settled peoples whom they had driven from their homes, who forced their way after several attempts across the Hittite Empire, wrecking Hattuşaş and Carchemish as they passed. Some of them chose new homes and left the rest to go on without them, but a great many made their way through Syria right to the borders of Egypt. They came partly in big wooden carts pulled by oxen, which were drawn up round the camp to protect it at night, and partly in ships. The Pharaoh who was reigning at the time went out with his fleet and cavalry and defeated them both by land and sea. But of course there were a great many of them left even after the double battle,

and so he did what other Pharaohs had done with invaders before—made a bargain with them to give them the homes they wanted, on condition that they would be his allies and soldiers in future. In this way the Philistines gained possession of their five towns, Gaza, Ashkelon, Ashdod, Ekron, and Gath; and after this we can begin to speak of the south of Canaan as Palestine, for it took that name from these new arrivals.

To make a picture of the people whom Samson and David fought against, we must think partly of what we know about the Northerners, partly of the Minoans,



Philistines defending their waggon.

(From Maspero's "*Struggle of the Nations*." S.P.C.K.)

and partly of some very famous people whom I expect you have heard of, though they are not mentioned in this book, the early Greek heroes who fought at Troy; for the Philistines' customs seem to be a mixture of all three. Their ox-waggon remind us of the Aryans in their old home, but the ships show that as the invaders came southward they had had to learn a new way of travelling. Perhaps among the wanderers who reached Palestine there were Minoans who had left their homes when the raids from the north began, like our imaginary friend Æthon; for the Hebrews always said that the

Philistines came from Caphtor, which was probably their way of saying Keftiu; and when the Egyptians talked about Keftiu, they meant either Crete or the shores of Asia Minor not far away.

We think of the Minoans too when we read of the Philistines crowding on the roof to watch their captive Samson display his strength, while the lords sat in the shade under the pillared portico, which Samson afterwards pulled down upon them when he was brought into the shade to rest.



Head of Philistine.

(From Maspero's "*Struggle of the Nations.*"
S.P.C.K.)

It sounds very like the people of Knossos watching a show of boxing or bull-leaping! When they sent back with the Ark models of the mice and the plague-swellings which had afflicted them, they were, perhaps, thinking of their ancestors' custom of taking models of diseased limbs to the holy cave on Mount Dicté. As for Goliath, he at once makes us think of the

great warriors in the "*Iliad*," who, whenever there was no general battle being fought between the Greeks and the Trojans, used to have their armour and weapons polished up and go out with their shield-bearers before them to challenge one of the enemy to single combat, while the armies looked on and cheered. His great iron-headed spear is an example, too, of something which the Northerners brought with them into all the Mediterranean lands—the knowledge of how to forge

iron. Before their times we always hear of weapons and tools of bronze, but with their coming the Age of Iron begins. We read in one place that the Philistines, when they ruled over the Hebrews, would not allow any smithy-work amongst them; perhaps this just means that they did not want the conquered people to learn the new art, in case they should find out how to make weapons as good as those of their masters.

In other ways the Philistines seem very soon to have learnt to be like the people they lived amongst. We do not know what language they spoke, but we never hear of their having any difficulty when they wanted to talk with the Hebrews. They seem to have worshipped the same gods as the other peoples of Syria, though they perhaps mixed up the stories about them with legends from their ancient western home. We only know the names of two of their special deities, Baal-Zebub, Lord of Flies, whose priests were famous for their skill in foretelling the future, and Dagon, who is often said to have been a god in the form of a fish, though there is no definite proof of this. They also worshipped a goddess like Ashtoreth. But they held their ceremonies in temples, and not at "High Places."

We usually think of the Philistines simply as soldiers, because we hear so much of fighting in connection with them; some of them formed a bodyguard for King David after he had conquered them. But their towns were well placed for trade both by land and sea, and they were sailors and merchants as well as warriors. They sometimes turned pirates too, and perhaps that is how they were able to carry on a great trade in slaves. In time they grew to be just like the other peoples of Palestine, and after King David's day we scarcely hear anything more about them.

Saul, as every one knows, was the first king the

Israelites ever had, and he lived in a very simple way, like the old-fashioned chiefs of mere tribes. So when David, who was only a successful soldier, came to the throne, he found no royal city, no palace, no outward signs of kingly splendour at all. But he was quite willing to have all these things, and there were people not far away who dealt in all sorts of luxuries, and were eager to supply him with them. They were the merchant princes of the rich Phœnician towns; and so we read that, as soon as David had captured Jerusalem from the Jebusites and made it his capital, "Hiram King of Tyre sent messengers to David, and cedar trees, and carpenters, and masons; and they built him a house." This was the beginning of a long alliance and a great deal of trade between the two states; so we had better find out more about King Hiram and his subjects.

Hiram was the first powerful king of Tyre, which had now risen to be the chief of the Phœnician ports. The most important of the others were Arvad, Byblos (or Gebal), and Sidon, and they lay in a row along the Syrian coast north of Philistia. Beside them were patches of fertile land, cultivated till they were almost gardens; close behind them rose Lebanon with its pinewoods; before them stretched the western sea. They were all very ancient cities, and indeed several of them claimed to be the oldest town in the world, and to have been founded by some god at the beginning of all things. It was said that Isis had visited Byblos while she was searching for the body of Osiris. Certainly Byblos had traded with Egypt from the very earliest times. Timber from Lebanon was sent to the treeless Nile delta, probably in the form of rafts which could be floated down by sea, and in return a great deal of Egyptian papyrus came to Byblos and was exported again from there. In later times, when the early Greeks began to write and use papyrus, they called it by the

name of the town they bought it from, much as we speak of "china" or "astrakhan"; and so the Greek word for books was "biblia," and we use it still when we call our sacred books "the Bible."

Byblos stood close down by the shore, so that its prince could sit "in an upper room of his dwelling, leaning his back against a window, while the waves of the great Syrian sea beat against the rocks below," as an old Egyptian traveller described him. But Tyre was actually on three little islands off the coast, which were joined into one by great sea-walls, so that the town was like a ship riding at anchor. Perhaps that is why Ezekiel, when he prophesied the destruction of Tyre, compared her to a splendid galley, richly equipped and decorated indeed, but whose rowers would bring her into deep waters where the storm-wind would break her at last. The first settlers had lived on the mainland, and the islands were occupied later, because they were out of reach of an enemy. There were always suburbs on the mainland, where the merchants had their summer villas and gardens, and where the cemeteries lay. Even the springs of fresh water were there, and the supply had to be taken across the strait in boats daily. But of course there were also cisterns on the islands, for use in times of siege or bad weather.

Tyre stood a good many sieges in the course of her history, but usually resisted them successfully. However, she and the other Phœnician cities were often subject to some powerful state, Egypt or Assyria or whoever was strongest at the time, for the Phœnicians cared more for wealth than for independence, and were usually willing to submit and pay tribute rather than have their trade interfered with. Each city had its own ruler, who in earlier days was often called a "judge," as among the Hebrews.

Tyre reminds us in one way of New York, for the

town, being unable to spread, was closely packed and crowded, and the houses were unusually high for those days. Until David's friend Hiram I. built new sea-walls and reclaimed a little more land round the island, there was not even a market square. The streets were very narrow, there were no gardens or open spaces, and even the temples had to occupy as little room as possible. The channels between the islands formed sheltered harbours, where the galleys loaded and discharged their rich cargoes, such as you can read about in the twenty-seventh chapter of the Book of Ezekiel. Thronging the narrow streets were to be seen men of all nations, merchants and workmen, sailors and slaves, while in the little crowded houses the Tyrian craftsmen were working busily at their trades, weaving rich stuffs and dyeing them purple, or making the fine objects of metal and glass for which the town was celebrated. They had probably learnt the secret of the famous purple dye from the Minoans.

A very beautiful poem by Matthew Arnold, which you are sure to read some day, ends up with a well-known picture of a "grave Tyrian trader" who looked out at sunrise from his ship

" Among the Ægæan isles ;
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
 Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
 Green bursting figs, and tunnies steeped in brine—
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,
The young light-hearted masters of the waves—
 And snatched his rudder, and shook out more sail ; "

and made his way towards the far western seas and right out into the Atlantic. But the Phœnicians themselves had not long been masters of the Very Green (the east end of the Mediterranean and the Ægæan), for the great days of their trade did not begin till the Minoans had been overthrown. However, during those few centuries the Very Green was covered with their big oared galleys,

which were stoutly built of the good timber of Lebanon, and could go long voyages and face rough seas. They carried sails in addition to the oars, and the men-of-war had a long beak projecting under water, which survives in the "ram" of the modern battleship. Their pilots were skilled navigators, and had learnt to steer across the open sea at night by the stars, instead of creeping along the coast in daylight only. In later times the

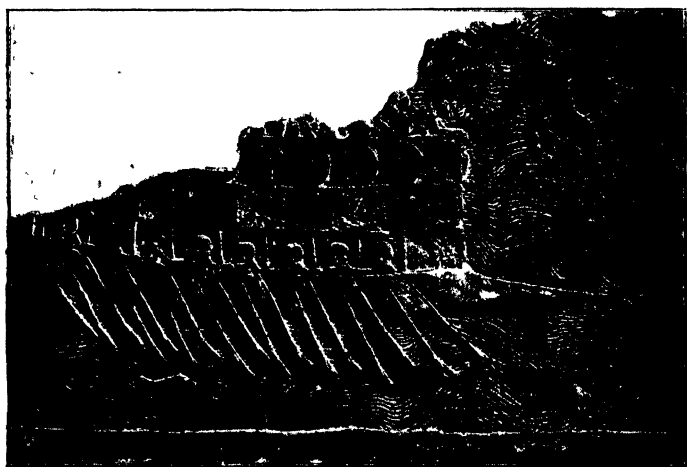


Photo W. A. Mansell & Co.

(British Museum.)

A Phœnician galley.

kings of great nations were glad to hire Phœnician fleets for service in war, and one Phœnician captain sailed a squadron right round Africa, by command of Pharaoh Necho. By then the Phœnicians had paved the way to the Greeks in the Ægean, and were carrying on their trade in the western seas, just as the poem tells. When they were thus busy far from their home, they founded colonies, little towns where they could

put in for repairs or food. Several of these became great cities : Carthage, which was at last destroyed by the Romans after a fierce war ; Gades, now Cadiz, in Spain, and Tarshish or Tartessus not far off.

When the Phœnicians came to a likely place for trade, they landed and tied up their ships to the quay, or if there was no harbour hauled them up on the beach. Sometimes in lonely spots they made smoke-signals to let the natives know they had arrived. Then they began to display their goods, tempting the men with tools and weapons, and the women with gay materials and pretty ornaments. If the natives did not understand their language, they trafficked by dumb-show, and sometimes the bargain was made by each side piling up the things they were willing to exchange till each was satisfied with the heap offered by the others. This was honest enough, but matters did not always end so happily. For the Phœnicians were great slave-traders, and often they would lure the natives, particularly the women, on board their ships, promising to show them some very special goods, and then set sail and make off with their unhappy captives.

They had very business-like " office methods " too. The prince of Byblos, sitting in his window-seat overlooking the sea, sounds rather like someone in a fairy-tale ; but when an Egyptian came to him to buy timber, he could call for his father's and grandfather's account-books and look up the exact price they had been paid when they sold timber to Egypt. Then, to make business documents simpler, they used a set of signs which were almost like shorthand in those days, they were so much easier to read and write than Egyptian hieroglyphics or Babylonian cuneiform. It used to be said that the Phœnicians invented these signs ; now this is no longer believed. But they certainly spread a knowledge of them in the countries they visited, and so put them into

the hands of the Greeks, who turned them into the alphabet which they handed on to the Romans and to modern peoples.

The Phœnicians were not a nation who invented much, but they had a keen eye for goods that were likely to sell well, and were quick to copy useful ideas and attractive styles wherever they saw them. They knew the fashions, in art and decoration as well as in dress, of all the countries round, and passed them on from one nation to another. No doubt the temple and palace which they helped King Solomon to build in Jerusalem would contain quite a mixture of the foreign ideas they had suggested, and very likely travellers who knew many other cities might have been heard saying as they looked at the new buildings, "Why, that piece of carving is copied exactly from a famous Egyptian design," or, "I saw just such a laver supported on oxen, in the new temple at Carchemish," and so on.

The Israelites were very proud of Solomon's improvements in the capital, though perhaps when they found themselves set to work at hauling and hewing the great logs which Hiram sent by sea in floats, and paying over to him each year large quantities of wheat and oil, some of them may have thought of Samuel's prophecy about what would happen when they had a king to rule over them. But they always honoured Solomon for his wisdom and the splendours of his reign, which was almost the only time of real peace and prosperity that the nation ever knew. We need not say much more about it here, because we can all read the account of it for ourselves, in the early chapters of the First Book of Kings.

Unfortunately the Israelites learnt more from their friends in Tyre than how to build and decorate palaces and carry on foreign trade. The Phœnicians worshipped the same gods as the other Syrian peoples, and so the

Hebrews were once more encouraged to worship Astarte and the Baalim, particularly Melkarth or Moloch, the special "Baal" of Tyre. Every one will remember how Elijah had to contend with the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel. The Jewish women too learnt the custom of "weeping for Tammuz,"—mourning for the fair young god (the husband of Ishtar or Astarte, who was said to die with the flowers and leaves at the end of summer, and return to life in the spring), as the Tyrian women did in the lovely valleys on the mainland opposite their island home. The influence of the Phœnicians too helped to encourage the Jews, who at first had lived simply, in the luxury and extravagance which the prophets so sternly rebuked in later times.

After Solomon's death and the division of the kingdom, the Israelites soon began to have trouble with a new enemy, the "Syrians" of Damascus, as they always called them, though they were really Arameans like the Jews themselves (see p. 99).

Damascus was another very ancient city, and one which, unlike many others of its age, lives on to-day. It lies east of the Lebanon ranges, in a wonderful fertile valley that stands out into the desert like a promontory into the sea. Mount Hermon, a part of the Anti-Lebanon chain, and a third range of lower, barren hills, shut in a small plain, and from the heights on the west there flow down "Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus," which Naaman the Syrian said were "better than all the waters of Israel." Without them, particularly the Abana, there could be no Damascus. This river rushes down from Anti-Lebanon through a narrow gorge, and then splits up into several streams which wander about the little plain, providing irrigation almost ready-made. They go no further, but end in a marsh, and beyond that there is only desert. But within the

basin all is green and pleasant, with rich cultivated land, orchards, and gardens famous for their beauty.

Here the desert caravans, with their strings of laden camels, gathered like ships to some outstanding port, and merchants from east and west met in its bazaars. It was famous for its manufactures of steel and fine cloths (damask), and remained so into the Middle Ages. It was such a useful place for commerce that although it is not easy to defend, and has several times been destroyed in war, it has always been rebuilt. The merchants of Israel seem to have had a special quarter reserved for them in the town, by the treaty between Ahab and Ben-hadad (1 Kings xx.).

There was often war between the kings of Damascus and Israel, in which sometimes one and sometimes the other was successful. It was a pity they could not make a firm alliance instead, and stand shoulder to shoulder against the kings of Assyria, who at last overthrew them both. Ben-hadad II., who defeated Ahab at Ramoth-Gilead, and Hazael, who smothered the old king with a wet cloth when he was ill, and took the throne, both fought great battles against a powerful Assyrian king named Shalmaneser III., and were more successful than most kings who stood up against Assyria. But as we know, both Damascus and Samaria had to yield in the end, though it was not till Assyria had been overthrown and Babylon had again become powerful that the people of Jerusalem and Judah went into captivity.

On the whole, the history of the Jewish people is a sad one. They came into the Promised Land and found themselves surrounded by enemies. They had to remain quiet in their hills while the armies of Egypt tramped up and down Syria on their way to fight the Hittites. When those wars and the great northern invasion were over, the smaller nations—Tyre, Damascus, Israel—had their

chance for a short time. Then before long Assyria was approaching, like a great grim giant, and threw a black shadow right across the whole land.

But the importance of the Jews after all is not in their wars and alliances with other nations, but in the struggle for true religion which their greatest and wisest men, the prophets, carried on. The land and its customs meant great temptations for the people, to which they often yielded. But still the best among them stood up and preached what no other nation yet knew—one holy God who cared not for solemn assemblies and burnt-offerings without righteousness and judgment, and desired mercy rather than sacrifice.

CHAPTER VII

ASSYRIA THE TERRIBLE

ABOUT the year 645 B.C., a ruler in Asia Minor, by name Ardys, King of Lydia, wanted to send a friendly message to the great King of Assyria, Ashur-bani-pal. The journey from Lydia to Assyria was then a dangerous one, because wild invaders from beyond the Caucasus, Cimmerians and Scythians, were roaming about. Their main army had been defeated both by Ardys and by the Assyrians, but bands of them were still to be met with, so the royal messengers took a very strong bodyguard of soldiers with them. Among these soldiers were two young Greeks, Chilon and Archias by name, who belonged to a city of Ionia on the Ægean coast of Asia Minor, and had been fighting for King Ardys for pay, as the Greeks often did in those days. They were brothers, and while the ambassadors were busy at Ashur-bani-pal's court, they went about Nineveh together, sight-seeing. On their return from this long journey they were given leave to go and visit their family. Their relatives and friends were of course eager to hear the tale of their adventures, and one evening a little party of people gathered in their house to listen to it; and this is what they heard. Chilon, who was the elder, began.

"We were very tired when we reached Nineveh, because we had been a good many days on the march, and the country round there is very hot. So we were

glad when the walls of the city came in sight. They are high strong walls, with towers along them. There is no sea near, but the town stands by a big river, where a lot of boats go up and down. Sometimes this river brings great floods from the hills, so, as the land is flat, they always have to make a great mound first when they wish to build a palace or a temple, to put it out of reach of the floods."

Here Archias put in a word. "They would not need to be so afraid of the river if they built better. But there is not much stone in the country, and they use brick for nearly everything, and sometimes the bricks are not even baked in a kiln, but just hardened in the sun. They put the sun-dried bricks inside the walls, between two layers of properly baked bricks, but of course if the water gets in at all the sun-dried brick softens and sinks down in a mass, and breaks the outer face of the wall open. So Assyrian buildings don't last long, and you see ruins all over the country."

Then Chilon went on with his story. "We came to a big gate, and showed the letters we had brought to the men on guard, and they let us in and took us to the palace. It is a huge palace and very grand in every way, but we did not see much that night, for it was late, and after we had had supper we were glad to go to our quarters. In the morning our captain told us that the ambassadors would not go before the king till the afternoon, so we could do what we liked in the meantime, as long as we didn't lose ourselves and reported for duty in good time.

"We wanted to see all we could of the town, and we had a great piece of luck. Just as we were going out at the gate of the palace, a man ran after us, calling to us in Greek. He was an Ionian, from Ephesus I think he said, who had been captured by the Assyrians when fighting in the pay of the King of Egypt, and was now in the Assyrian army. His name was Hippias, and we

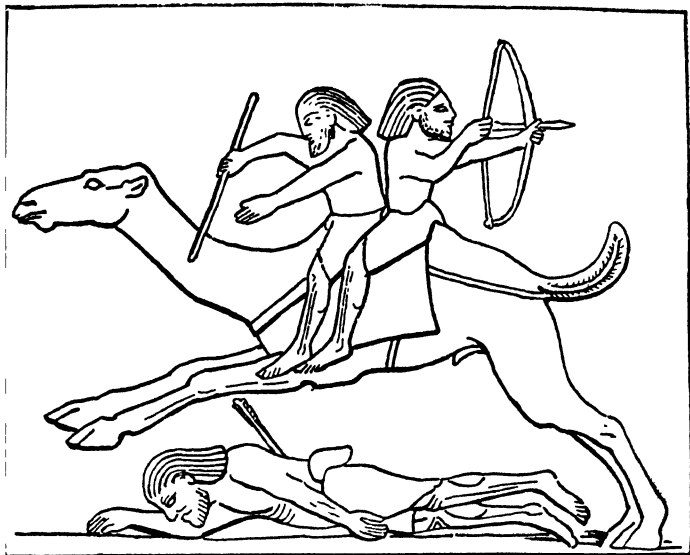
liked him. He said he was very glad to meet Greeks again, and was very kind to us all the time. He asked his captain's leave to go out with us, and took us through the chief streets to the market-place and showed us all the sights.

"Nineveh is a huge place, with wide streets and gardens inside the walls. There were men from every country to be seen there, both traders and captives. The Assyrians themselves are a dark race, with dark hair and beards, all carefully oiled and arranged in little curls. They wear long robes tied round their waists with a girdle, and their princes and rich men are most gorgeously dressed. Their robes are stiff with embroidery in wonderful patterns, and they wear a lot of ornaments on their arms and necks and in their ears. They are a very rich people, for they have conquered almost every nation within their reach and forced them all to pay tribute; the palace and the whole city are full of the spoils of war."

"They are a rich people certainly," put in Archias, "but they are a very cruel people. It made my heart sad that day to see the gangs of captives in the streets. When they conquer a country, they bring away the natives in droves like cattle, men and women and little children together, and drive them off to some far-away land in quite a different part of the empire. We met such a drove passing through the town. Or sometimes they keep them as slaves and force them to work at building and so on; there was a gang of prisoners hauling a great block of stone to make some new decoration for the palace, and I thought how they must hate doing it for the king who had destroyed their own homes."

Chilon was not as tender-hearted as his brother, and did not relish this interruption, so he continued as soon as he could. "In the market-place they were selling strange animals that we had never seen before, with long

legs and necks and humps on their backs. Hippias said they had been captured from some desert tribe who had joined in a rebellion against the king. A Phœnician trader who knew him came and spoke to us, and said he had just bought several for next to nothing, to carry his goods to the next place he was visiting. This Phœnician has been to Ionia, and speaks our language.



An Assyrian carving of Arabs and camels.
(From King's "History of Babylon." Chatto & Windus.)

His name was Yabin, and he too was very good to us, and often took us about when Hippias was on duty. It was he who told us about the rebellion, but I don't remember exactly what he said."

"I do," said Archias promptly. "The king we saw had a brother who reigned in Babylon, which is another big city not very far away. This king did not like

obeying his brother in Nineveh, and raised a rebellion against him, in which other princes joined. But he was defeated and besieged in Babylon, and at last, when he saw there was no more hope for him, he set fire to his palace and was burnt there, with his soldiers and his wives and children and all his possessions. For as I said, these Assyrians are very cruel, and they torture their prisoners, and this prince would rather die in this way than be put to some horrible death by his brother, while the crowd watched and jeered at him, as they would have done. It had all happened not long before we arrived, so we heard a lot of talk about it."

"What was the name of the king in Babylon?" asked one of the listeners.

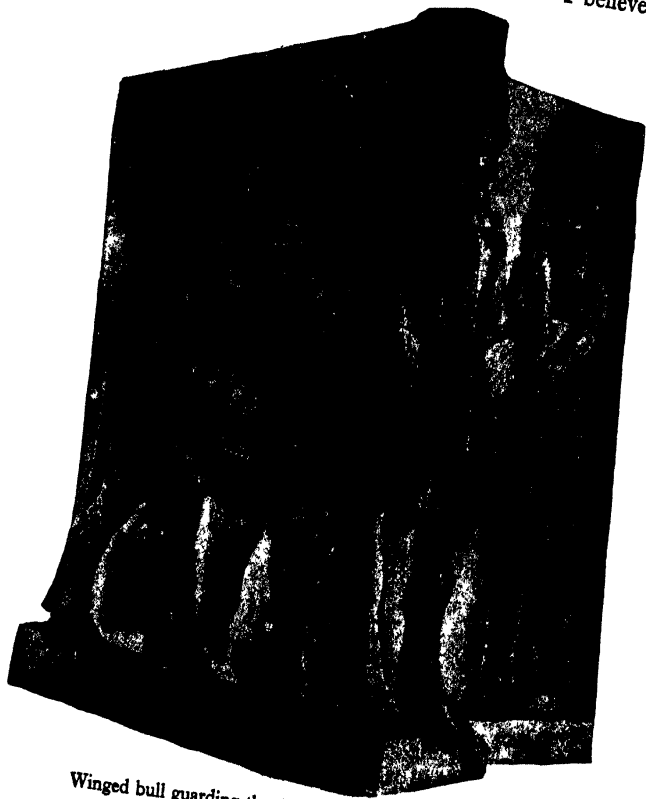
"That I cannot tell you," replied Archias. "Assyrian names are long and difficult to pronounce, and I never learnt that one. But I can say the name of the king in Nineveh: it is Ashur-bani-pal."

The others tried to imitate what he said, but "Sardanapalos" was the best they could do; so they gave up the attempt, and Chilon went on with the story.

"That afternoon we all attended the ambassadors when they went in to see the king. We were drawn up to wait for them in the open courtyard of the palace. It is paved with brick, and all the halls and galleries open off it. At every door there stand two great stone monsters: they have the bodies of bulls, but the heads of men, and long wings outspread. Also they have five legs apiece."

His audience were used to the idea of mixed monsters in their own fairy-tales, but the thought of the five legs amused them. But Archias struck in again. "It is not such a bad idea really," he said. "Hippias explained it to me. You see, these creatures each stand at a corner, so that you only see them from two sides, and the legs are cleverly arranged so that they look

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natural both from in front and as you pass. I believe



Winged bull guarding the doorway of an Assyrian palace.

(From British Museum Guide to Assyrian Collection.)

the monsters are put there to keep off evil spirits
the Assyrians believe the world is full of demons."

Once again Chilon continued. "Our ambassadors were lodged in a different part of the palace—we had our quarters with the guard. So they came into the courtyard at last, and we marched behind them through a great hall and several corridors, but when we came to the throne-room, they left us to wait outside, so we did not see the king that day. We waited in a long narrow room, very lofty, and decorated with carvings and paintings, pictures of the king's wars and triumphs and so on. The furniture was very gorgeous, all covered in beautifully dyed stuffs richly embroidered; the wooden parts were carved and inlaid with ivory panels. I think some of it must have come from abroad, the carving was in such different styles."

"Hippias said a lot of it came from Egypt," remarked Archias. "They carried off a great deal of booty at the time when he was captured. Some, of course, came from Syria as tribute; there are several countries there who have paid tribute to Assyria for many years."

"Did you hear anything of the history of the country?" the young men's father asked. "How has it come to be so powerful?"

Chilon left this question to his brother to answer, so Archias took up the tale.

"I did not hear very much," he said. "But Yabin told me a little, and there was an old man, the father of one of the guardsmen, who told us of the wars he had fought in as a young man. He stood beside us one afternoon while we watched part of the army set out to attack a city that had helped the king's brother in his rebellion, and we heard his stories while we waited. But Yabin's stories went back farther than his; he said he had heard them from a man he knew who was one of the royal librarians—for though this king is so harsh and bloodthirsty he is fond of literature, and has composed a book himself. I visited the library one afternoon."

"Well, tell us about that afterwards," said his father. "Now I want to hear what this Phœnician and the old man said."

"Yabin said that the Assyrians were a people very like the men of Babylon, and that they lived in much the same way, but were always enemies. He said indeed that most nations were enemies of the Assyrians, because of their cruel tyrannical ways. He told me that their kings usually spend all their time in war, and that three times they have been masters of nearly all the countries within their reach. The first of these great warrior-kings was called Tiglath-Pileser, and he brought his army to the shores of the sea where Arvad, Yabin's own city, stands. He was a great hunter, too, and slew lions and wild bulls and elephants with his own hands, and at Arvad he took ship and killed a great sea-monster. Even the King of Egypt feared him and sent him presents. He sent a crocodile and a hippopotamus from the Nile, among other things, and they were taken to Nineveh to be shown to the people. This happened hundreds of years ago.

"After this king there was little to tell for a long time, and then more great fighters arose, and they too made war in the west. They fought the kings of Damascus, and two little nations called Israel and Judah. They fought other wars as well, in the north and the east, but Yabin did not know much about them.

"Then at last there rose up the ancestors of this present king, who have made their country greater than it ever was before. The old man I spoke of had fought under one of them, called Sennacherib, the grandfather of Ashur-bani-pal. He told us how once this king had marched towards Egypt, because Pharaoh was encouraging the kings of Judah and other places to rebel and pay no more tribute to Assyria. Sennacherib besieged a city called Lachish, and took it, while his

officers were sent to capture another town called, as well as I remember, Jerusalem. But it was a strong place, and they did not succeed, though they have wonderful machines for attacking city-walls, which we saw later.

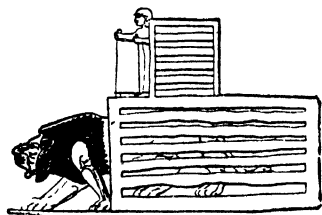
"At last, the old man said, they tried to make terms, for the king would wait no longer. The Tartan, as they call their commander-in-chief, and the Rabshakeh (one of the generals), and other officers met some men from the city outside the walls. Our old friend was one of the guard who went with them, and he says he still remembers the people crowding on the wall to hear what was said, looking hungry and afraid, and yet with such hate in their eyes. Three men in long robes, not soldiers, came out, and the Rabshakeh tried first to persuade and then to terrify them into surrendering, but they would not. It seems there was a prophet in the town who had persuaded them that their city was sacred and could never be taken; and at last the army had to go away and leave them. I admired those people; very few nations will face the Assyrians.

"That war against Pharaoh ended in a disaster. For when the Assyrians came near to Egypt, they all suddenly fell ill of the plague, and very few escaped alive. Hippias too knew about this, but he told rather a different story, which he had heard in Egypt; he said the King of Egypt marched out to meet Sennacherib, and as the two armies lay opposite one another, there came in the night a multitude of field-mice, which devoured all the quivers and bowstrings of the Assyrians, and ate the thongs by which they managed their shields. So in the morning they tried to retreat, and many were slain as they fled. But the kings of Assyria are very powerful yet, in spite of this disaster, and indeed they say that Ashur-bani-pal is the mightiest of them all."

"Did you ever see him?" someone asked.

"Not that day; the ambassadors came out of the throne-room, and we marched back to the courtyard and were dismissed there. But the next day we saw him set off to hunt lions. The kings of Assyria are all great hunters. Indeed, they have killed so many lions that there are very few left, so that they have to be caught in the wilder parts of the country, and brought in cages to be let loose where the king wishes to have his sport. But let Chilon tell the tale now; I am tired of talking."

So Chilon took up the story afresh.



A Lion let loose for the hunt.

(From Maspero's "*Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria*." Chapman & Hall, Ltd.)

"Hippias told us to make our way to the great entrance and wait there. And this is true that I tell you, though you will scarcely believe it: there are great watch-dogs chained at the gate, and amongst them, chained and kennelled in the same way, there are two men, chiefs who had fought against the king for his

brother. They say the king has said that one day, when he goes in procession to the temple to give thanks to his gods for all his victories, he will have these two men and several others harnessed to his chariot, to pull it instead of horses.

"But that day he drove two very fine horses when he went out. He is a kingly-looking man. He held the reins himself, and two slaves stood behind him in the chariot, one waving a fly-whisk, and one holding a sunshade over him. He had only a few men of his bodyguard with him, the huntsmen with the hounds, and half a dozen of the nobles in their chariots too.

"While he was away we saw more of the palace. We noticed some beautiful carvings one day, the finest

I have ever seen, showing the king at a hunting-party. They were so lifelike that it was almost like watching the real sport. There are beautiful gardens within the palace walls, and separate buildings where the king's wives live. He has a good many, and keeps them closely shut up. But the ordinary women are allowed to go about freely ; some of them keep shops and carry on business for themselves."

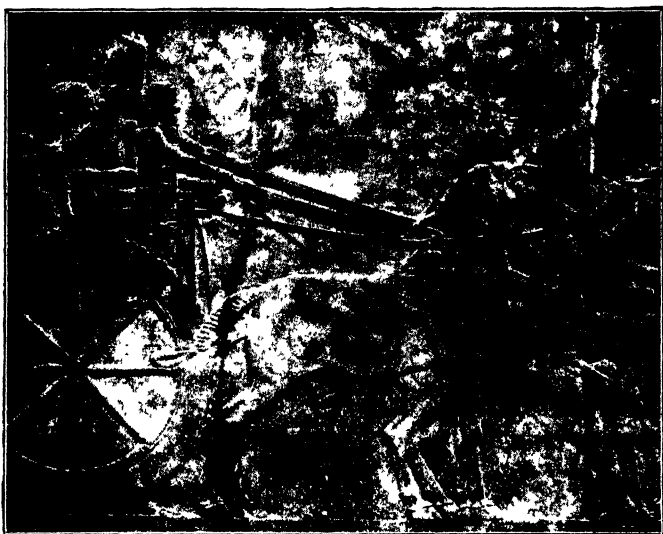


Photo W. A. Mansell & Co.

(British Museum.)

Ashur-bani-pal in his chariot.

" They are better off than the queens, then," remarked his sister. " Tell me, did you see inside any of the ordinary houses ? How do they keep them ? "

" We were only once inside a private house," Chilon answered. " The daughter of Yabin's friend the librarian was being married, and he was invited to the wedding,

and took us with him. I really cannot tell you much about the house, it was crowded with people. But we saw the wedding."

"Oh, tell us about that!" said all the ladies at once.

"There was not much to see," Chilon said. "The bride was wrapped in such a thick veil that you could not see her, except that she seemed very richly dressed, and all her ornaments tinkled when she moved. They were married in the house, and there was not even a priest there; all that was done was that the bride's



Photo W. A. Mansell & Co.

(British Museum.)

The King spears a lion.

father took her hand and the bridegroom's, and tied them together for a time by the wrists; then he said a prayer for them. They seemed to think more of the signing of the marriage-contract. A scribe wrote it down on a tablet of clay, in their strange writing, and the bridegroom and the bride's father signed it. Then Yabin and some others signed as witnesses. One of the witnesses could not find his seal and had to make a mark with his thumb-nail; it made him angry, for only poor men do without seals.

"After that there was feasting and music till the bride went away to her husband's house. Her family and friends made quite a procession, with the slaves her father had given her, and others carrying the furniture and clothes and so on that were her dowry. We saw them start off, all shouting and singing and waving their torches, and then we had to go back to our quarters."

He paused, and Archias seized the chance of describing his visit to the royal library, where he had seen the thousands of clay-tablets which Ashur-bani-pal had caused to be collected, chiefly from Babylon, that his scribes might study and copy them. The librarian



The symbol of Asshur in various forms.

(From Ball's "*Light from the East.*" Eyre & Spottiswoode, Ltd.)

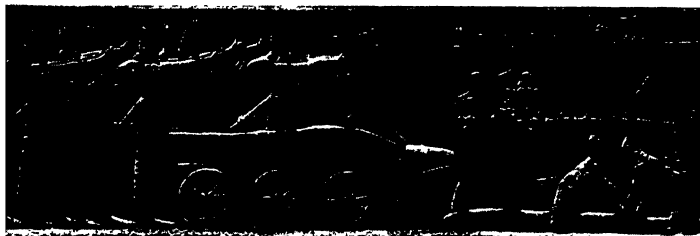
said that each had its place, and bore an inscription saying that it belonged to the king, and calling down the wrath of the gods upon anyone who should carry it away. The king often sent to the library, usually for the chronicles of his ancestors' great deeds, or for the lists of signs and omens by which the future was foretold, for he was devout and rather superstitious, and did nothing without asking the will of the gods.

Here someone asked what gods the Assyrians worshipped, but neither of the brothers could tell much about that. Yabin had said that their religion was copied from Babylon, like their laws, and their way of building,

and writing, and many other things. Hippias had pointed out to them the symbol of the special national god Asshur, which was carried as a standard by the troops ; but that was all they knew, except that there were several temples in Nineveh, all with terraced towers.

Chilon then went on to describe what they had seen of the great army of Ashur-bani-pal.

" Hippias told us that part of the army was to be sent into the south, to lay waste a city that had rebelled with the king's brother, and we went up on top of the wall beside one of the gates to watch them go. First came a company of horsemen carrying lances and short swords,



Assyrian army besieging a town.

(From the *British Museum Guide to Assyrian Collection*.)

and then a great number of archers on foot. Some of these had heavy coats of mail, and helmets of different shapes, but most were quite lightly equipped. Sometimes shield-bearers are sent with the archers, to protect them while they draw their bows. They are said to be very skilled in archery. The officers drove out in chariots, but they do not often go into battle in them now. They were splendidly armed, and the general as he went stood up so proudly in his chariot, his left hand resting on a magnificent sword-hilt, with a slave behind him holding a bright fringed sunshade over him.

" The most interesting part was the train of siege-engines. There were several machines for battering

down walls—great beams of wood tipped with iron, and hung so that they would swing backwards and forwards. They were on wheels, and each had a shield over it. These shields are of different shapes; some are made in the form of animals, and some have a little turret where archers can stand, the better to shoot over the walls of the besieged town. Besides these battering-



Crossing a river.

(From *Badminton Library*: "Swimming.")

rams they employ sappers to dig down beneath the foundations, and scaling-ladders to climb the ramparts. In this way they have captured towns that have never yielded to an enemy before.

"We asked the old man that we told you of before how they took these great engines across rivers, that they might come to on their way. He said, that

they made bridges of boats laid side by side, or cut down trees to make rafts, putting inflated sheepskins beneath. All the foot-soldiers carry these sheepskins, and each man blows his up, and putting it beneath him plunges in and swims across to the far bank."

Here Archias broke in. "Talking of rivers," he said, "I remember that the old man spoke of going down the Euphrates in a fleet of boats which the Phœnicians built and manned for that King Sennacherib, to fight

someone or other down in the south by the sea. But he also told a tale of a sea-battle in the same king's days against pirates, who he said were men of our nation, Ionians, and now I really do not remember clearly about either story." Then turning to his brother he added, "But you have told the end of the tale before it was time, for the departure of the army was the last thing we saw



Blowing up the skins.

(From Maspero's "Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria." Chapman & Hall.)

before we came away ourselves. The night before that there was the great feast when the king returned from his hunting."

"Finish the story yourself then," said Chilon somewhat surlily; and Archias did.

"Ashur-bani-pal came back from his sport the day before we left—in a very good temper because he had killed lots of lions—and gave our ambassadors his answer to our king's message. In the evening he made a great feast for us and for the officers who were going

to the wars. It was the most splendid affair I have ever seen. Tables were set in the great hall, and the slaves were busy all day bringing chairs and couches of ivory, vessels of gold and silver, huge jars of wine, and game and fruit of all kinds. These people eat and drink a great deal. The king did not feast with us, but in the gardens with the queen. But we had a magnificent banquet. Musicians played, and slave-girls came in



Photo W. A. Mansell & Co.

(British Museum)

Ashur-bani-pal and his Queen feasting among the trees.

and danced and sang for us, and we all had a very good time."

"There seems no end to the wealth and power of this king," said his father thoughtfully.

"So one would say," replied Archias. "Yet behind the rich hangings I saw here and there that his painted palace walls were cracking, and I think his empire now is the same—more show than anything else.

Hippias spoke once or twice, when none of his officers could hear him, of a dangerous enemy, the Medes, who live in the eastern mountains, and are growing stronger day by day. I do not think he loves his royal master, and there are many in the army like him, foreigners and men of conquered races, who would scarcely fight for these tyrants with great good will. And Yabin, who has travelled far and wide, says there is no nation where the very name of Assyria is not hated, so if the country were in danger, who would come to her help ? for no one would care if she were wiped off the face of the earth."

Archias was quite right in what he said. During Ashur-bani-pal's last years, and after his death, the power and daring of the Medes increased constantly. The savage Scythians burst out of Asia Minor and swept right across the Assyrian empire to the very borders of Egypt, doing a great deal of harm. Egypt and Babylon set up new kings of their own, and did not obey Assyria any longer. Finally the King of Babylon made an alliance with the Median king, who very soon fell upon Assyria with all his forces. Before Ashur-bani-pal had been dead twenty years, his empire had fallen to pieces, and his capital, taken by the Medes, was a ruin. And because of the continual wickedness of its people in times past, the nations clapped their hands for joy at the news, and there was none to bemoan Nineveh when she was laid waste.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GREAT PERSIAN EMPIRE

ABOUT ninety years after the visit of Chilon and Archias to Nineveh (that is, about 555 B.C.) a little boy was born in the city of Ephesus in Ionia, on the Ægean coast of Asia Minor. His parents were very delighted, and his father declared that he should have the best education that was to be had then. The Greeks of Ionia in those days were beginning to be very interested in various kinds of learning, and perhaps this man hoped that his little son, whom he named Myrtilos, might grow up to be a famous poet or man of science. But events were happening just then that altered all these plans.

Perhaps you remember that Chilon and Archias, who were also Greeks of Ionia, had been the soldiers of Ardys, King of Lydia. This country lay just inland from Ionia, and its capital, Sardis, was not far from Ephesus. When Myrtilos was born, the King of Lydia was a certain Cræsus, whose name you have very likely heard; both gold and silver were found in his land, and "as rich as Cræsus" is a well-known saying. Unfortunately this king had more wealth than wisdom, and in the end he brought about the downfall of his country. On the far side of his kingdom from Ionia he had for neighbours the Medes, who had destroyed Nineveh and seized all the northern lands that had belonged to Assyria. Beyond the Medes again, in the hills east of the Tigris, lived the Persians, who were

a people very like the Medes. After a time a Persian noble named Cyrus made himself king of both Medes and Persians, and seemed likely to become very powerful. This so alarmed the kings of Babylon, Egypt, and Lydia, that they made a league to overthrow him.

Now Cyrus the Persian was a great warrior, and Cræsus did a very foolish thing when he began the war without waiting for help from his allies. He was encouraged by a prophecy that if he led his army across the Halys (the river that separated his land from Media) he would destroy a mighty empire, for it did not occur to him that the saying might have two meanings. One of his subjects warned him that he had better leave the Persians alone, saying that they were a race who had no wealth or luxuries, but wore leather clothing, lived very plainly, and drank only water, so that even if he conquered them he would gain nothing; but the king would not listen. Soon he was face to face with these hardy warriors. They were famous archers, and it was said that they shot so thick and fast in battle that the flights of their arrows darkened the sun like a cloud. They were so skilled in managing horses that some of them had taught their steeds to help them in fight by rearing up on their hind legs, striking out with their front hoofs, and biting the men against whom they were urged. Then, too, Cyrus had camels from the eastern parts of his land to carry his baggage, and he placed these where they might frighten the horses of Cræsus' cavalry. So the Lydians were defeated, their capital, Sardis, was taken, and Cræsus himself was made a prisoner.

All this does not seem to have much to do with little Myrtilos. But Ephesus and the other Ionian towns were at that time in alliance with Lydia, and so Cyrus decided to conquer them too. However, he had other important matters to see to at home, so he left this task to his

generals and went back to Persia, taking Cræsus with him. The Persians had learnt from the Assyrians how to attack walled towns with siege-works and battering-rams, and one after another the Ionian cities fell before them. Ephesus fared no better than the rest, and so it came about that Myrtilos, then just seven years old, lost both his parents in one day, and fell into the hands of a Persian soldier who found him, frightened and crying, in his half-ruined home beside the broken city-wall.

Now the Persians were not cruel conquerors like the Assyrians, and this man felt sorry for the child. He had had a little boy of his own, about the same age, who had died not long before, so he made up his mind to save the little Greek and send him to his home in Persia as a present for his wife. He was able to put his small captive in charge of a family who were being sent to Persia along with some other prisoners and the rich booty from Sardis; and in this way Myrtilos left his Greek home and travelled far away, to be brought up as a Persian boy.

It happened that not long afterwards Arsanes (for that was the name of Myrtilos' protector) received a wound that made him of no further use as a soldier, and was allowed to go home; so he was able himself to see to the upbringing of his adopted son. He lived in the old simple way on his farm, a short distance from the capital, Susa, and there he taught the little Greek such things as the Persians learnt. His first lessons were in the Persian speech and religion. The parents of Myrtilos of course had worshipped the gods of Greece, and had begun to teach him their names and stories, and the ceremonies he must use towards them. The religion of the Persians was very different from that of the Greeks, and Myrtilos now began to be taught quite other beliefs.

Arsanes told him that the world was created and ruled by one Great Spirit, who was good and wise, and wished his people to be the same. His name was Ahuramazda, and he was helped in the government of the universe by six other good beings of lesser power, and a whole host of spirit-servants and messengers. The sun and the stars and the moon, the wind and the great rivers, fire, and the kindly earth that gave men food, were all his servants too. He needed help because he had a powerful enemy, Ahriman, who was always at work in the world doing evil and preventing good. Ahuramazda wanted men also to be on his side in the struggle ; they could help him by living good lives, by doing their work well, whatever it was, by managing their farms and bringing up their children carefully, by loyally serving the Great King, by taking care of useful animals, and destroying harmful creatures and weeds. To hurt a dog or a cow, the two most useful of animals, was a very bad action, but to kill a wild beast or a snake or even a destructive insect was a good deed. It was men's duty also to see that earth and water, and particularly fire, were kept clean and pure, and not defiled by rubbish and dirt. All this, Arsanes said, was the teaching of a wise man named Zoroaster, who had lived not very long before.

Myrtilos quickly learnt these ideas, and liked them very much. He soon made up his mind to be on the side of Ahuramazda, and work and fight for the good against all evil. He was glad to think that then, when he grew old and died, his spirit would be able to pass safely across the Bridge of Judgment that led from this life to Ahuramazda's home of perfect happiness beyond, instead of falling from it into the horrible gulf below, where the spirits of Ahriman's servants went. He liked to watch the Magi (as the Persian priests were called) offering their sacrifices in the open air, on altars

where a pure fire was kept burning continually. He was quite glad too when it was decided that he should be given a new Persian name, Mithridates, in honour of Mithras, the bright spirit of the sun.

A Persian custom which pleased the boy greatly was their habit of celebrating birthdays with feasts and much rejoicing. In his own case there was a difficulty about doing this, for he could not tell Arsanes on what day of the year his birthday fell. However,



Open-air altars.

(From Maspero's "*Passing of the Empires.*" S.P.C.K.)

it was arranged that he should keep the day on which he received his new name as his feast-day in future.

As time went on, Arsanes and his wife had several children of their own, and Myrtilos—or rather Mithridates—was no longer the pet he had been at first. This was partly so, because as he grew up he showed a difference in character from the true Persians, and his foster-father was a little disappointed in him. For one thing, while he was brave enough, he did not care for soldiering, and had no wish to go into the army. The fact was

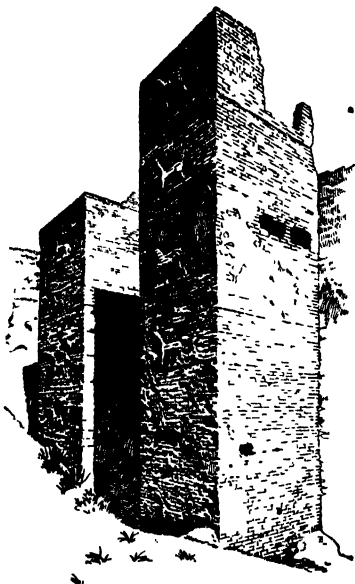
that, like many Greeks of his day, he was what we should call "of a scientific turn of mind," though he could not study science as a modern boy does, for very little was known of it. He asked far too many questions for Arsanes' liking, and the latter was thankful that his own sons did not copy him, but were content with the old Persian training—"to ride, and to shoot, and to tell the truth."

At last, when Mithridates was about fifteen, something happened which made a difference to all his after-life. King Cyrus, a few months before, had conquered the last king of Babylon, captured his city, and united all his possessions with his own. Arsanes, who was a well-to-do man and a most loyal subject, decided now to make a journey to Babylon while the king was there, see the wonderful city of which he had heard so much, and perhaps pay his compliments to the king and offer him a present, as the custom was. He took Mithridates with him, to the boy's great delight, and the visit was the second turning-point in his career.

Babylon had been many times destroyed and rebuilt, but Cyrus had done it no harm when he took it, and the city stood in all its splendour as its last great native king, Nebuchadnezzar, had left it. Arsanes and Mithridates saw there some of the wonders of the world at that time. They climbed up the ziggurat of the great temple, and from a seat half-way up they looked out over the crowded streets, the vast walls, along which several chariots could drive abreast, the busy quays, the rivers and canals that shimmered in the sun, close around the walls and far into the distance. Across a dock-basin, on a high mound, stood the huge palace that Nebuchadnezzar had built for himself and heaped full of every kind of royal treasure; they could see down into its broad crowded courtyards, and up to the raised terraces beyond where the royal gardens lay. Behind

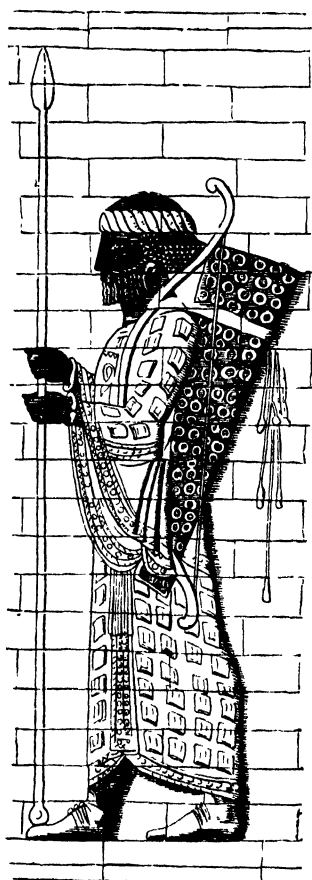
these again rose the stately towers of the Ishtar Gate, that formed the entrance into the royal and sacred part of the city. Close at hand stood E-sagila, the ancient shrine of Marduk, and other temples too.

After a few days Arsanes made arrangements to visit the court and make his offering to the king, and promised to take Mithridates with him, as far as he was allowed to go. Dressed in their simple best, the two set out from their lodgings in the northern part of the city, and passed through the Ishtar Gate towards the palace, stopping to marvel at the procession of lions that seemed to advance along the wall to meet them, and the hundreds of bulls and dragons whose brightly-coloured figures ornamented the towers beside the gate. From here they followed the wide stone-paved Sacred Way past the chief temples of the city to the palace entrance, and made their way into the first great court. The place was thronged with soldiers and officials, and the men who like Arsanes had come to present their gifts personally to the king, as the true-born Persians were allowed to do instead of paying taxes. By degrees they worked their way across to the central court, and so to the



Towers of the Ishtar Gate.
(From Breasted's "Ancient Times."
Ginn & Co.)

innermost court of all, off which the Throne-room itself opened. Here at last Mithridates was stopped by the soldier on guard; so he waited in the court while Arsanes was led by an usher into the presence of the king.



One of the "Immortals." (See also p. 145.)

(From Zimmern's "Greek History for Young Readers.")

The time did not seem long, for there were so many interesting things to be seen. There was the crowd itself, Medes and Persians, men of Babylon, Greeks from his own half-forgotten homeland, an Egyptian envoy with several negro warriors in attendance. There were foreigners from the far eastern lands, and in one corner stood a group of old, bearded men in long robes, Jews who had been brought to Babylon as captives by Nebuchadnezzar when they were quite young, fifty years before. They had come to thank Cyrus for his promise that they might return to their own land. The soldiers at the entrance too were very imposing, with their splendid dress and ornaments; each carried a bow and a quiver, and a spear with a golden pomegranate at the butt-end. They

belonged to the king's bodyguard, known as the Ten Thousand Immortals.

But Mithridates was almost more interested in the building itself. The courtyard was open to the sky, and the sun, blazing down upon the glazed walls with their gay patterns in blue and yellow, was quite dazzling. Several doors opened off it, leading into the living-rooms of the palace, which were richly ornamented, and had their ceilings supported on mighty roof-beams of cedar. Every door was plated with metal, and every doorstep covered with bronze. The boy wandered right round the courtyard, taking in every detail. Finally, tired with the heat and glare, he crept back into the shadow of the wall and edged his way along until he stood beside the big spearman once more. And at last, just before Arsanes came out again, he managed to peep into the cool, white-walled Throne-room, and get a glimpse of the splendid figure within, sitting upon the throne of Nebuchadnezzar, crowned and gorgeously robed—Cyrus the king, lord of the greatest empire then on earth.

The sight of Babylon, with its fortifications, its docks and quays, and all its other wonders, decided Mithridates as to what he would do. His mind was made up from that time to be an architect, and raise splendid buildings and useful works in the lands that would one day be conquered by the Great King. For he quite believed what Arsanes told him, that a wise and just ruler was one of Ahuramazda's greatest helpers, spreading good works wherever he went, and that to serve such a ruler was one of the finest things a man could do. So he determined to make himself a useful servant of the king by learning all that was known in those days of the arts of building and engineering, and with his foster-father's consent he stayed behind in Babylon to study his business with an architect there.

A good many years passed, and great changes took place in the royal house. Cyrus was killed while making war in the far east of his empire. His son Cambyses, who succeeded him, had a short and rather unhappy reign. He went to Egypt to conquer it, and at first was successful, but afterwards madness seized him there, and he died on his way home. He had no son, so a great Persian nobleman, Darius, became king, being related to the royal family. He had some trouble with rebellions at first, but afterwards reigned in peace and did many great and useful works for his subjects' benefit.

By the time Darius became king, Mithridates was a grown man, and beginning to be known as a very skilful architect. He was married, and had two little sons of his own. The Persians, now that they were such a great people, were anxious to have finer houses and buildings of all kinds than they had had before, and the nobles were glad to employ a man who could build a handsome house in the Babylonian style, which they greatly admired. So Mithridates had always plenty to do, and at last his good work brought him to the notice of Darius. This king did not wish to spend his reign in war, but was anxious to do all he could to improve the lands he ruled in peaceful ways, by encouraging farming and trade, and spreading a knowledge of better ways of living among his less civilized subjects. He was just the kind of ruler that Mithridates admired, so the latter was delighted when he was offered a post in the royal service. He spent the next few years travelling far and wide in attendance on the king, whom he helped with practical advice and suggestions about such things as roads and bridges and water-works, which were needed in different parts of the empire.

His first journey of this kind was to Egypt. Darius went there to put down a revolt, and was accepted as

king by the Egyptians. Then he set to work on a great scheme to improve the trade both of Egypt and Persia. He wished the Persians to have ships and take to trading by sea, which they had not hitherto done, and he thought it would encourage them if the voyage round Arabia to Egypt and the Mediterranean were shortened by cutting a canal between the Nile and the north end of the Red Sea. There had been such a canal hundreds of years ago, dug by command of one of the early Pharaohs, but the sand had been allowed to fill it up, so the work had to be done over again. The king also wanted to show the Egyptians a Persian method of getting water for the fields by digging channels underneath the beds of streams. An example of how to do this was given them in an oasis near Thebes, and a new temple was built there at the same time.

So Mithridates had a busy time helping to plan these undertakings and watching the progress of the work. Besides, like every wise man, he wanted to go on learning all the time, and improve his own ways of working by studying other people's doings. He visited as many of the great Egyptian buildings as he could, talked to Egyptian architects, and collected ideas for plans and decorations for future works. After a while the king went home to see to other matters, leaving his architects and engineers to carry out his plans. Soon, however, he sent for some of them, because he had decided to make a great expedition in the northern regions of his empire, and thought he might need their help. So Mithridates and one or two others left Egypt and set out to meet him on his way through Asia Minor.

As he travelled through Syria, Mithridates stayed with a Persian friend who was a royal official there, and hearing from him that some rather interesting work was being done in Jerusalem, he turned aside and visited the town. Here the Jews whom Cyrus had allowed to

return to their homes were still busy building a new temple to replace the one which Nebuchadnezzar had destroyed ; they had not been able to work very steadily at it. Mithridates knew some of them, having met them in his apprentice days in Babylon (for all the Jews did not return home as soon as they were allowed to go). They told him that they had met with great difficulties since their return, partly through the suspicions of the Persian governor, who had thought, when he saw them rebuilding the city walls, that they were planning to rebel. But they begged him to assure King Darius of their loyalty and their gratitude for all he had done for them. They showed him the new temple with such pride that although he had seen much finer buildings in other lands, he did not like to hurt their feelings by saying so.

Then he went on again straight through Syria, past Hamath and Aleppo ; there was no great city of Carchemish to visit now, for it had been destroyed in the war between Nebuchadnezzar and Pharaoh Necho, nearly a hundred years ago. Mithridates crossed the Taurus Mountains by a new road, and arrived in Sardis just before the king reached it. He now learnt that Darius' plan was to cross over into Europe and make a raid into the home country of the Scythians, who had once invaded Asia Minor and done a great deal of harm there.

This was rather startling news, for the great northern lands into which the king was going to plunge with his army were very little known. Just across the Euxine Sea, in a bitterly cold and snowy land, were the Scythians themselves, a wild wandering people, whose moving homes would be difficult to attack. Beyond lay unknown regions, of which queer tales were told. There, it was said, you would find strange races of men, some bald, some with one eye only, some with goats' feet, who climbed the mountains where no one else could go. There was plenty of gold, but it was hard to come by,

being guarded by griffins ; and also the air in these parts was always full of feathers, so that it was almost impossible to find one's way about. No wonder some of Darius' followers were loth to venture here !

Mithridates did not believe all he heard about these things, but he foresaw that there would be real practical difficulties for the army in a land where there were no roads or bridges. He hoped, however, to have now a better chance than ever of displaying his great skill as an engineer, and was quite disappointed when he heard that the first big bridge which was needed, to take the army across the narrow strait into Europe, had already been built by a Greek architect, Mandrocles of Samos, and that the king was delighted with it and had richly rewarded the builder. However, he was partly consoled by being sent with the fleet which was ordered to sail to the mouth of the Ister, to build another great bridge there.

All the adventures of the army in Scythia, and the strange sights they saw there, would take too long to tell ; but at last they returned safely to Susa, and Mithridates was very glad to see his wife and family again. He had been away nearly four years altogether, and the boys had grown so big that he hardly knew them. You may well imagine what tales he had to tell them of all that he had seen and done, and how they longed to be grown up and travel too !

The last wonder he had seen was not far from home ; it was the great carving which had been made while he was in Egypt, to tell the tale of King Darius' victories over the rebels and pretenders who had opposed him when he first came to the throne. Mithridates as an engineer saw how difficult the work must have been to do, and he admired it accordingly. High above the road, on a steep smooth face of rock in the hillside, the figure of the Great King had been carved, with the sign

of Ahuramazda beside his head, his generals behind him, his foot on one of his beaten enemies, and the rest facing him in a long line, all bound together by a rope round their necks. The story of the king's triumph had also been cut in the rock in three languages, so that



Darius and his conquered enemies.
(The "Rock of Behistun.")

(By permission of the Trustees of the British Museum)

all his subjects might read it. Later it happened that Mithridates met the man whose task it had been to make the monument, and his admiration for it increased as he heard of the clever ways in which all obstacles had been overcome, both in scaling the cliff from below,

and lowering men by means of ropes and baskets from above, to do the actual smoothing and carving.



A room in the palace at Susa.

(From Pillet, "*Le Palais de Darius Ier à Suse*," by kind permission.)

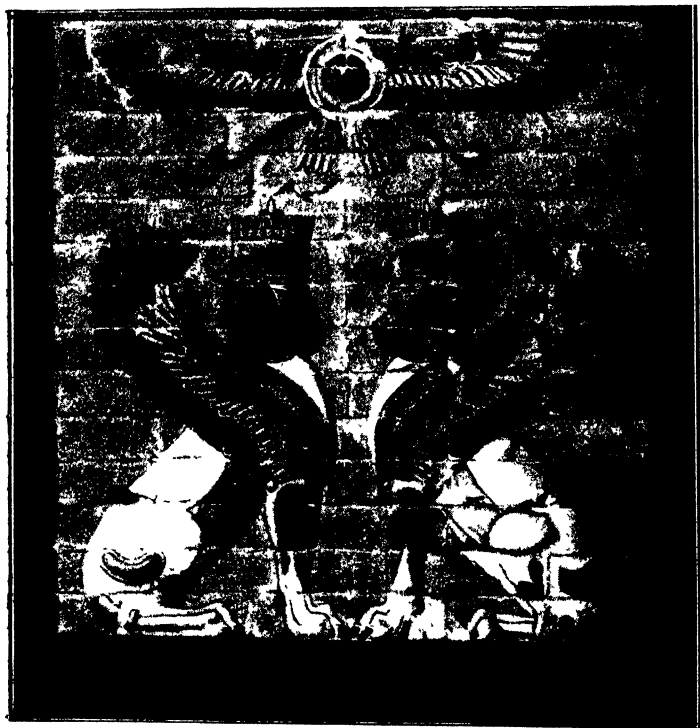
After his return from Scythia he and his family were able to live together quietly for a time in Susa, where he

was employed at the great new palace which King Darius was having built for himself. It was a wonderful building, with a splendid entrance and many stately rooms ; the finest perhaps was the great pillared hall, known as the "Hall of a Hundred Columns." Some of the rooms were decorated with coloured friezes of enamelled brick, in the style which Mithridates had admired so much when he first saw it in the palace in Babylon, years before.

Besides his own share in the work, he had the oversight of several Greek architects who were also helping with the palace. They of course were very pleased to meet someone who knew Greek, and Mithridates for his part was glad to have the chance of speaking his mother-tongue again, and to find it all coming back to him, though he had scarcely spoken it at all for many years. His friendship with these men, coming so soon after the glimpse he had had of his native country on the way to and from Scythia, reminded him of his childhood, and sometimes he almost felt that he was tired of Persia and its ways, and would like to be back among his own people again. However, he did not get his wish for several years. Besides the palace at Susa, Darius wished to have one in the heart of Persia itself ; so instead of going back to Ionia, Mithridates had to go still further eastwards, taking his family with him, and lived and worked for some years at Persepolis. Then he had to leave his wife and sons once more, and go with the army on an expedition into India. He did not get home from this journey for quite a long time, for he was left behind with several others by the king's orders in the country which we call Afghanistan, to make a reservoir in a dry region there, which Darius thought would be very useful.

When at last he returned, Mithridates found that his wife had just died, and now he cared less than ever

about staying in Persia. He was no longer young, and he was growing weary with these years of travel, in which he had visited nearly every corner of Darius'



Persian decoration in coloured tiles.

(From Pillet, "*Le Palais de Darius Ier à Suse*," by kind permission.)

dominions. When he went to give his report about the reservoir, the king noticed how old and tired and sorrowful he looked, and asked him what reward he would like for his long and faithful service. So he confessed that he longed to be back in the country where he had

been born, and was given an easier task than he had ever had, and one which took him to his home—to go down into Ionia and make some enquiries relating to the money affairs of the empire.

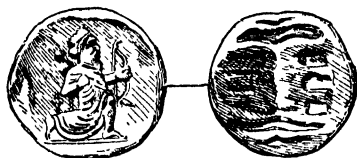
King Darius was very careful about money matters ; indeed, men called him (behind his back, of course) a mere tradesman, a counter of pence—which was hardly fair. He had arranged for a regular amount of tribute to be paid each year by every “satrapy,” as the divisions of his realm were called, except the district of Persia itself. In the more backward countries of the south and east, the tribute was paid in the old way, each man giving so much corn or wine, a horse or cow or a few sheep,



Gold coin issued by Cræsus.
(From Oman's "*History of Greece*.")

to the nearest royal official. But in the west Darius made use of a new invention, which was said to have come from Cræsus' old kingdom, Lydia. Instead of using metal in rough lumps or rings, someone had suggested that the lumps should be made all of the same size, and a mark put upon them to guarantee their worth, so that they need not be weighed each time they were used. So now the gold and silver which came to the royal treasury was melted down and then made into coins, stamped with the king's mark of a running archer. Darius allowed some of his great officers to coin silver in the provinces they governed, but he issued all the gold coins himself, and was anxious that they should be very pure and well made. It was to study the best ways of doing this kind of work that Mithridates was sent to Ionia, the place where the idea had first come from.

He and his sons, therefore, now grown-up young men, set out on what was to be his last journey, back towards his old home. They travelled all the way by a single great road, the Royal Road from Susa to Sardis. As they went they met many other travellers and merchants, and royal messengers hurrying to and fro with letters, some on horseback, some on swift camels. Letters travelled across the Persian Empire faster than anywhere else in those days, for there were places along the roads where men waited with fresh horses, ready to take the message, jump on a horse's back, and gallop along to the next relay station. There were also resting-places provided at convenient distances, where people could



Persian gold coin. (Daric.)

(From Witt's "*Retreat of the Ten Thousand*.")

sleep, but Mithridates and his little party were usually able to stay the night with other officials in the towns they passed through. One night, near their journey's end, they stayed at a place called Pteria, where the Persian governor knew them. He and Mithridates had a very interesting chat in the evening, but I don't suppose that either of them mentioned that the town had once been the capital of a great empire, and called Hattuṣaṣ, eight hundred years ago and more ; for the Hittites were already forgotten.

At last, after a journey of a good many days, they came to Sardis, and were given quarters in the citadel, where the Persian officials lived. The three newcomers were soon at home, and quickly made friends, both among the Persians and the native Greeks. By a

strange chance, Mithridates came across an old man from Ephesus who had known his parents, and remembered their death and the disappearance of their little son when the city was captured by Cyrus' troops. This old man, whose name was Neokles, was rather disappointed to find that the Greek boy had grown up to be such a devoted servant of the Persian king, and he never would call Mithridates by that name, but always by the name his Greek father and mother had given him, Myrtilos.

This rather puzzled Mithridates, and he was still more surprised when he found that the men of Ionia were very discontented under Persian rule. He had been so long among people who were willing subjects of King Darius, and were thankful for the peace and good government he had given them, that he could not understand this. He began to have arguments about it with Neokles and the other Greeks he met, telling them what a just and wise ruler the king was, and how much good he had done for the countries he governed. The Greeks did not deny this ; what they said was, that no man ought to hold such power as he did over his fellow-creatures, and that people had a right to govern themselves instead of being ordered about by a king, even a good one. There was one man, a grandson of Neokles, who spoke very hotly about it ; he was a ship-captain named Scylax, and often went on voyages to the port of Athens, where he heard all the newest ideas on this subject.

"The rule of one man," said Scylax one evening to a group of men who were discussing it, "is neither good nor pleasant. Darius is a good ruler, I grant you ; but have you never heard of the tyranny of Cambyses ? and how do we know that the next king will not be as bad or worse ? It seems that as soon as a man becomes king, and can do as he likes without having to answer for his actions, the worst side of his nature

comes uppermost. Think of the tales we hear of kings who envy the rich men among their subjects and put them to death without trial, and break every law, and do all sorts of cruel deeds. It is far better to have rulers chosen by the people, who can be dismissed if they do wrong, as they have now in Athens. I should like to see all cities do away with kings in the same way, and raise the people to power. For the people are all in all."

Everybody who heard this speech did not agree with all of it; a few seemed to think that government by several of the worthiest citizens acting together was a better way than the rule of the people in a body, and one man said that the rule even of a tyrant, who at least knew what he was about, was better than having the ignorant mob rushing into state affairs and confusing everything. But on the whole Scylax seemed to have put into words just what many men were feeling in Greek lands at that time.

At first Mithridates was horrified, and refused to listen to such speeches, and was very angry when he heard his sons talking in the same way. Then after a time he began to wonder if there was not some truth in these ideas. He tried to think again of the king as the great servant of Ahuramazda, doing good on every side, as he had done when he was young, but now he could not feel so sure about it. Even Darius was not always wise or just, and it was true that his successor might be foolish and cruel. It did not seem right that a man should be able to order others to be put to death, without even hearing them give a reason for their conduct. It was true too that there might be plenty of men in a country who were as capable of governing it as the king or his son, but they would never have the chance of doing so, but must obey all their lives. It was a big question, and Mithridates found it hard to make up his mind.

But his sons did not. Scylax and their other young friends soon persuaded them that neither Darius nor any other king had the right to rule as he did and hold such absolute power. More than that, they were secretly told that a revolt was being planned, and that one day the cities of Ionia, with help from Greece, would rise up and defy the Great King and begin to govern themselves. Their friends told them that their father was really a Greek, that they were partly Greeks, and that they ought to help their fellow-countrymen to win their freedom from the Persians. So they joined in the plot.

When the time drew near for the revolt to begin, they told their father what they were going to do, for they had noticed that he seemed to be changing his mind on the subject of kingly rule, and before he could stop them they fled away to Ephesus, where many of the plotters were gathering. Mithridates did not know what to do. On the one hand he wanted to be faithful to King Darius. On the other hand, if he told what he knew to the commander of the troops in Sardis, he would be betraying his fellow-countrymen and his sons all together. So he shut himself up in his room in the citadel, and waited to see what would happen.

He had not to wait long. On the very day when his sons reached Ephesus, the promised help came from Greece—twenty ships from Athens, and five from another town. The men landed from them, and joining with the Ionian troops they marched up the river and over a hill right to Sardis. When the Persian governor saw them approaching he prepared to defend the citadel, and called out all his men; but the rest of the town surrendered to the Greeks in a few moments. Although there was no fighting, one of the soldiers set fire to a house with his torch, and the flames spread very quickly among the many thatched roofs of the place. Soon a

cry was raised that the citadel too was burning, and some of the defenders left it and made for the banks of the river that ran right through the market-place, where the people of the town were now gathering for safety from the fire. The Ionians, seeing these armed men appear, thought that fresh Persian soldiers had come to the rescue, and began to draw back to the hills.

From his quarters Mithridates had heard something of the preparations for fighting, and the tumult in the citadel, and he guessed what was happening. He could not wish for either side to win, and only prayed that his sons might be safe whatever happened. At last, when it seemed strangely quiet, he left his own room and went to a window that looked out over the streets. The citadel seemed empty, the town was ablaze, the Ionians were falling back; it looked as if the revolt had failed. A dreadful fear for the fate of his sons came upon Mithridates, and feeling that he did not want to live any longer in these difficult days, he sprang from the window, and died in the flames below.

* * * * *

What became of the sons of Mithridates I cannot say. Very likely they fought in the battle with the Persians that followed the burning of Sardis. Perhaps they fell there, for many of the Ionians were slain, and the Persians won; but let us hope that they escaped, and lived to fight another day in the same cause. For of course King Darius was very angry when news of this rebellion was brought to him, and resolved to be avenged not only on the men of Ionia (who were his subjects) but on the Athenians who had helped them, and to make the latter his subjects too. The story goes that he told a slave to repeat to him three times daily, "Master, remember the Athenians." So a great war began between the Greeks and the Persians, which is one of the most famous and important in history. Darius did not live

to finish it, but his son Xerxes carried it on, and soon had even better cause than his father to remember the Athenians, for under their leadership the Greeks defeated the huge Persian forces both by land and sea,



Greek and Persian fighting.

(From Maspero's "*Passing of the Empires.*" S.P.C.K.)

at Thermopylæ and Salamis and Platæa. But the story of that splendid struggle for freedom is too long to be told here, and besides it has been written in many other books which you can read for yourselves some day. So here our tales of ancient times come to an end.

PART TWO

I. HISTORICAL SUMMARY

EMPLOYING the well-worn metaphor of "the drama of history," we may say that the play begins on a darkened stage. In a sort of twilight we see men slowly learning the first arts of civilization, beginning to build shelters, to use fire, to make clothing and simple tools, to tame and utilize animals, to domesticate certain useful wild plants, and to provide for the future by tilling the ground. Gradually the light increases, and life in three places—the Nile valley, Lower Mesopotamia, Crete—stands out more clearly. Here cities rise, and art begins to flourish.

For Crete we have no records of definite events as yet, but it is clear that a brilliant civilization was developed there very early, by a people who, judging from their costume and habits, must have entered the island by sea from the south. This culture stretches back without a break into the Neolithic period, though the name which its investigators have given it—"Minoan"—is associated with its last rather than its first days. As we should expect, the inspiration of the sea tinges it from the beginning, and it gradually spreads to the neighbouring islands and the western shores of the Ægean. Three great periods of its development have been distinguished by modern archæologists—"Early Minoan," (roughly) 3000-2200 B.C. ; "Middle Minoan," 2200-1700 ; "Late Minoan," 1700-1300. Each is characterized by special

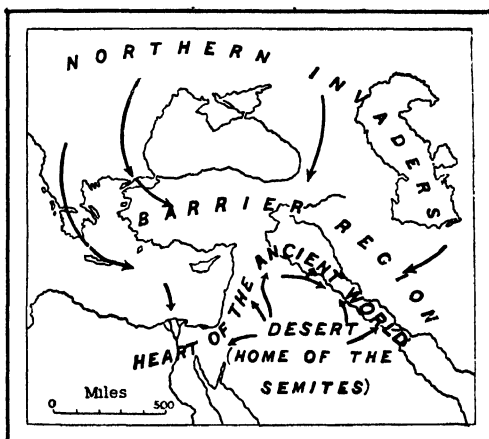
styles in art and dress, and is further divided into three sub-periods (see time chart). There is evidence of the contact of this civilization with the outer world by trade, but otherwise it seems to have lain apart from the main stream of events, and as far as we yet know, Crete played no great part in general history.

In the lower Euphrates and Tigris valleys, research is slowly revealing a highly-developed civilization still more ancient than that of Crete. Here, at an almost incredibly early date, we find the Sumerians, whose origins are still obscure, living in a number of rival city-states, practising irrigation, building fine temples and ornamenting them with elaborate sculptures and other decorations (see pp. 3-4). Beside the Sumerians, and repeatedly attacking and mingling with them, are the Semites of the desert, whose nomadic, pastoral way of life also goes back to time immemorial.

Egypt is the third region where civilization began to develop at a very remote date, and it is the first to supply us with a great and roughly dateable event. This is the political union between Upper and Lower Egypt—the Valley and the Delta—somewhere about 3500 B.C., after centuries of merely tribal organization. Tradition attributed this union to a single conqueror Mena, but it may have been the work of a series of chieftains. The importance of the union lay largely in the adequate control of the Nile flood which it made possible through superior power and organization, and its material results are soon seen in the rapid advance of the arts under the early dynasties—though pre-dynastic Egypt was not backward. Later Egyptian remains, too, show us a pale reflection of a civilization in Syria, of which little is as yet known.

This region then—Mesopotamia, the north end of Arabia, Syria, the Nile valley, and the islands and shores of the eastern Mediterranean—is the heart and citadel of ancient civilization, where life and art develop early and

richly. To the south lie sea and desert, except where the Nile valley leads to the Sudan and Central Africa. But northwards and eastwards, beyond a not impassable barrier of highland and narrow sea-ways, lies another source of men and manners, the forest-fringed grasslands that form the home of the Indo-European or Aryan race. The desirable countries, the heart of the ancient world,

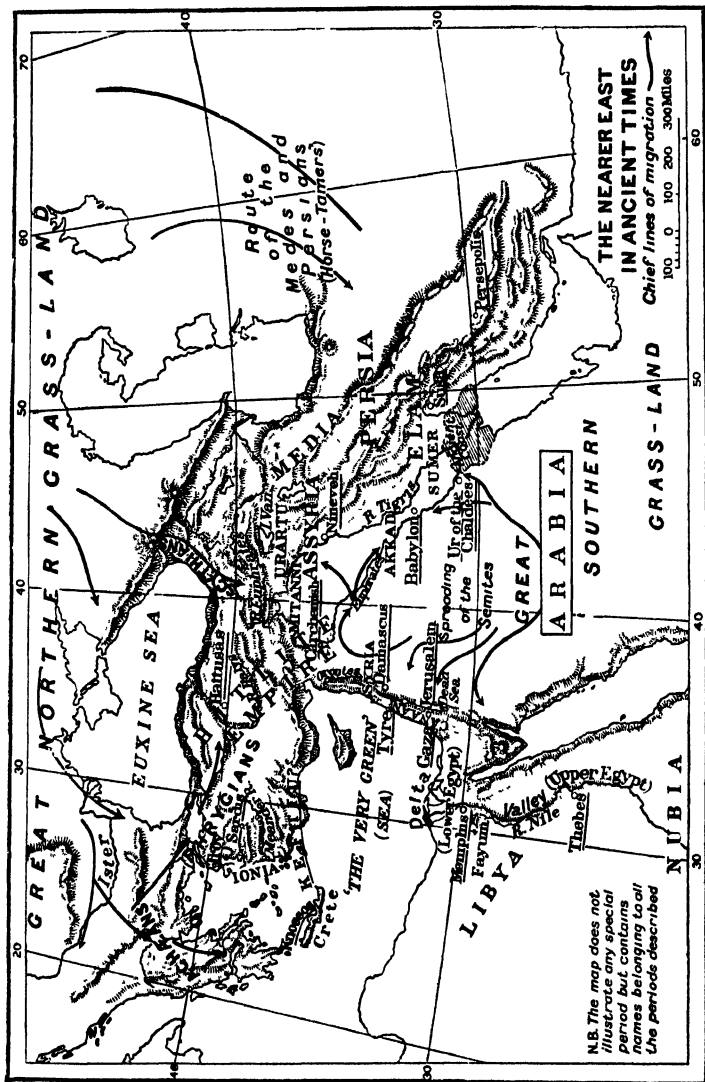


are thus exposed to a double attack. They enclose the Arabian waste, from which climatic variations drive out periodical floods of emigrants, and they are in turn half encircled—though at a much greater distance—by the plains to the north and north-east, where roam other possible invaders. The latter have a much longer journey than any Semitic people to their “Promised Land,” but on the other hand they possess horses. Further, the Barrier Region itself is not uninhabited, and its peoples also find the southern river-valleys very attractive.

The earliest “international” events, then, as distinguished from the growth of national cultures or chance

details of individual kings, are the movements of peoples and the consequences of these movements. The Semites were early on the move. Early in the third millennium B.C. a great Semitic leader, Sargon, established his people in a district on the Euphrates north of Sumer, known as Akkad, and from there ruled a considerable area of the North Syrian desert fringe. Soon after began the migrations in the course of which the Canaanites, Amorites, early Assyrians and Babylonians found their respective homes. About the same time the Hittites, arriving apparently from the north, began to take up their position in the Barrier Region, the mountain belt of Asia Minor. While they defended the inner lands from more northerly invaders, they also took toll of them for their own profit. There were Hittites in Syria as far south as Hebron (see p. 4) in Abraham's day, i.e. before 2000. At the same time "Tidal Lord of the North," a Hittite king, called in his own language Tudhalia, was fighting, in alliance with Hammurabi of Babylon—Amraphel King of Shinar—and others somewhere east of the Dead Sea; and not long after the great days of Hammurabi the Lawgiver, Babylon itself was destroyed and its temples plundered in a Hittite raid (c. 1900).

From such invasions Crete and Egypt were usually free. But somewhere between 1800 and 1700 B.C. the turn of Egypt came, when the Hyksos poured in from Syria and seized the Nile valley, which they held for about two hundred years. The arrival and rule of the "Shepherd Kings" forms a very obscure episode in the history of Egypt, for the origin of the Hyksos is uncertain. But their expulsion by Aahmes, the founder of the Eighteenth Dynasty, was followed by an Egyptian conquest of Syria. Year after year the warrior kings, Thothmes I., Thothmes III., Amenhotep II., led their troops into Canaan, ravaging, burning, carrying off



prisoners and live-stock, to found the first great ancient empire at the expense of a flourishing civilization. Then internal weakness stopped an advance which in any case would probably soon have been checked by the rising Hittite power. But the example of Egypt was quickly followed, and the next thousand years (1500–500) saw the empires of the Hittites, Assyria, Neo-Babylon, Media, and Persia, rise in turn. It is therefore a period of constant wars waged by the great powers of the central regions against each other and the lesser kingdoms. It is also the period of the gradual encroachment of the Northerners and their triumph over the older nations.

Even while Egypt was at the height of her early imperial prosperity under Amenhotep III., the younger peoples were knocking at the gate. On the one hand, Median and Persian names begin to be known to Assyria and Babylon; the eastern wing was already in touch with its future opponents. In the west, Crete begins to have a history, in the half-legendary form of the story of Minos, his control of the seas, and his tragic end. Though details are very imperfectly known as yet, it seems clear that Minoan civilization was overthrown in its home by an attack from the north, either by the early Achæans or the peoples of the peninsula whom they drove before them. Refugees from Crete, however, carried its influence with them in their dispersion. About the same time or shortly after, kinsmen of the Achæans, instead of pushing down into continental Greece, were crossing the Hellespont into Asia Minor and making settlements on its western shores (including the Sixth—the Homeric—city at Troy). These first comers included the Mysians, Lycians, Dardanoi, Leleges and others, and their further advance, like that of Egypt from the south, was checked by the Hittites.

The Hittite territory in Asia Minor thus appears as a

well-guarded bridge between the older lands and the homes of new and still half-barbaric peoples. It withstood armed attack from either side during many centuries, but it doubtless served also as a channel by which ideas and products filtered through from one civilization to the other. The state to the east of it, centring round Lake Van, and known to the Hittites as *Harri* and to Assyria as *Urtu*, was a similar barrier against invasion from the north, protecting in particular a very ungrateful Assyria. On the other hand, the Phœnician cities, whose ships and merchants succeeded those of the Minoans in the eastern Mediterranean, formed no barrier but a purely peaceful link.

The weakness of Egypt, following the reign of Akhenaten and his disastrous attempt at religious reform, gave other peoples a short opportunity of expansion in Syria, already weakened by Egyptian attacks. Babylon had at the moment no imperial ambitions: she had, like Egypt, passed some time under foreign domination, that of the Kassites, and was now sufficiently occupied with the rising power of Assyria, once her vassal, but now independent. But the Hittites and their allies the Amorites made good use of their chances in North Syria, and in the more southerly parts the Aramean peoples, pressing in from the desert as the Canaanites and Amorites had done before them, founded kingdoms on both sides of the Jordan. To the east we soon find Ammon and Moab, with Edom just south of the Dead Sea, and to the west Joshua and his followers, driven ahead of the others by their greater religious zeal, are raiding up and down the land, and gradually carving themselves out an inheritance in the hill country. Damascus, already an ancient city, was also now occupied by an Aramean people.

When Egypt revived under the Nineteenth Dynasty (Seti I., Rameses II.) and set out to re-assert her power in Syria, she found the Hittites more firmly established

there than before. Two great kings, Šubbiluliuma (pp. 73-6) and his son Mursil (pp. 84-5), both famous alike in war and in diplomacy, had built up a solid power in Asia Minor, and a chain of Hittite subjects and allies now stretched southwards through Carchemish, Aleppo (Haleb), Hamath and Homs (ancient names uncertain), and Kadesh. Soon there was war between Egypt and Ḫatti, the central point of which was the great but indecisive battle at Kadesh in 1288 (p. 86). At this time the newcomers from Europe, Mysians, Dardanoi and others, were in alliance with the kings of Ḫattušaš, and they sent contingents to Kadesh, but before long they turned against the Hittites, driven perhaps by the pressure of fresh arrivals, the Phrygians. The strain of this double contest now became dangerous, and Ḫattušil III. found it prudent to propose peace with Egypt, probably in order to be able to concentrate upon his western frontier. The growth of Assyria was a further cause of anxiety. But the treaty of 1271, and the subsequent marriage-alliance with Rameses II., did not ward off danger for long. Before the end of that century the pressure of the Phrygians and their allies had become irresistible, and the Hittite barrier broke at last. The result was that, somewhere about 1190, i.e. about the same time as the siege of Troy, Western Asia Minor was completely overrun, and wandering European folk, coming both by land and sea, made their way through Syria as far as the borders of Egypt. This raid left its best-known mark in history in the settlement of one or more of the defeated clans in the south of the country which is henceforward called after them Palestine (pp. 101-2).

Another period of weakness now overtook Egypt, and with the Hittite empire also gone, there was room for new actors on the stage. West of the Halys, the Phrygians by degrees organized themselves into a kingdom whose rulers bore alternately the names, famous in Greek

legend, of Gordios and Midas. Eastwards, the last relics of the northern Hittite power were broken by Assyria, though the traditions and culture of the race long survived in Carchemish and other North Syrian towns. Hitherto Assyria had been chiefly engaged in wars with Babylon and her eastern neighbours, but now (c. 1100) under her first great warrior-king Tiglath-Pileser I., she made her first bid for empire, and his armies certainly reached the Mediterranean and possibly the Black Sea (p. 120). This time of power, however, was but short, and two centuries passed before the effort was renewed. In the meantime the lesser peoples had their chance. Tyre reached a pitch of great prosperity and influence under Hiram I. (pp. 104-9), and he, as every one knows, was the contemporary of David and Solomon, under whose rule the tribes of Israel, long harassed by the Philistines and the "Sons of the East" (pp. 100-102), had their brief spell of peace, unity, and glory. The division of the kingdom soon followed, and with it the renewed independence of Damascus, whose energetic kings were to prove such a thorn in the side of Israel—and not of Israel alone.

Soon the shadow of Assyria fell across the path of all these small states. The central figure of the Second Empire is Ashur-nasir-pal (884-860), whose record of cruelty has perhaps done more than anything else to make his country infamous. He fought campaigns on almost all his frontiers, and penetrated into North Syria. His successor, Shalmaneser III. (860-825), carried on the military tradition, and we find him in southern Syria extracting tribute from Jehu of Israel (p. 120). But Ben-hadad of Damascus was a more warlike king, and his city for long made a valiant resistance to Assyrian attacks. The later kings of this second empire exhausted their strength in wars with Urartu, which had replaced in Armenia the ancient enemy of the Hittites, and a short

period of decline and great weakness takes place between the second empire and the third.

It is noticeable that now (*c.* 750) the force of the Aryan invasion on the west has long been spent, and the new settlements have taken root and assumed their historical shapes. Phrygia indeed is already near the end of its short career, and the kingdom of Lydia is ready to take its place. On the *Ægean* coast the Greek settlers of Ionia have reached a high degree of civilization and prosperity, while across on the European mainland classical Greece is beginning to develop. The last phase of the northern attack is the struggle for trade control, in which Phœnician fleets are driven from the *Ægean* by the "young light-hearted masters of the waves," and the energy of Tyre and Sidon is diverted in consequence to colonization in the western Mediterranean (pp. 106-8; Carthage founded *c.* 800). But in the east the Aryan forces are gathering to the attack behind the mountains that overlook the Tigris valley; and in the centre it would seem that hard-pressed Urartu had other enemies beside the armies of Nineveh.

Just after 750, Assyria sprang up again suddenly from her apparent decadence, revived by a general named Pul, who usurped the throne, and took the name of Tiglath-Pileser IV. He renewed the attack on Urartu, and made war upon the Medes. He began the enslavement of the Jews by annexing much of the land of Israel and carrying away captive some of its people, and he at last subdued Damascus. Just at the end of his reign he drove out a Chaldean usurper from Babylon, and was there received as king. Other conquerors succeeded him, and the empire became more of an organization and less a series of raids after plunder. Shalmaneser V. spent most of his short reign in quelling rebellions in Syria, which had been stirred up by a King of Egypt, new to the throne and anxious to bring his country once more into the front

rank. Thus we read that Hoshea King of Israel sent messengers to the King of Egypt, and brought no present to the King of Assyria, as he had done year by year. The result was the capture of Samaria after a siege lasting two years, and the transplanting of the people of Israel far away (a regular feature of the Assyrian system). But before this a new king had succeeded to the throne—Sargon (722–705), the founder of the last Assyrian dynasty, under which the Third Empire culminated and then collapsed, worn down by the strain of its own conquests. Sargon continued the ceaseless struggles with Babylon and with Urartu, who had now found an ally in one of the last kings of Phrygia. Egypt continued to stir up trouble in Syria.

Sargon's son Sennacherib is perhaps the best known of the Assyrian kings. He carried on the usual wars against a circle of enemies. Two outstanding events of his reign are the unsuccessful siege of Jerusalem by his generals, as the king was on his way to Egypt, where he shortly afterwards lost an army by plague (p. 121), and the destruction of Babylon (689) in revenge for a rebellion. This step laid the foundation of later troubles, even though the next king Esarhaddon rebuilt the city before ten years had passed. This ruler had good reasons for desiring friendship wherever he could obtain it. For one thing, his predecessors had so weakened Urartu that it was no longer able to defend the barrier of the Caucasus, and new invaders, Cimmerians and Scythians, the fiercest of all the northern tribes, were already pouring into Asia Minor. They overthrew the kingdom of Phrygia (c. 675), and in alliance with the Medes caused Esarhaddon much anxiety before their defeat. Then, he had determined to put an end to revolts in Syria by conquering Egypt, and in 670 he carried out this plan. On his death in the next year he was succeeded by Ashur-bani-pal in Nineveh, and by a younger son Shamash-shumukin in Babylon.

This consideration for the feelings of Babylon only strengthened its desire for independence and revenge, and Shamash-shumukin himself organized revolt. But it failed (p. 117), the kingdom was united once more, and under Ashur-bani-pal Assyrian power and glory reached their highest point. Yet his reign ended in gloom. Egypt slipped quietly from his control, under the rule of a viceroy who became Psammetichos I., and a great Scythian raid swept across the western provinces unchecked. Soon after his death Babylon finally asserted her independence, and set up a native king Nabopolassar. He made alliance with the Medes, whose king Kyaxares soon swooped down upon Nineveh and destroyed it (612), perhaps to the surprise but certainly to the delight of all the nations.

The Assyrian empire was now divided between the allies, the Medes taking the northern and Babylon the southern, Semitic, lands. Thus there came about the battle of Carchemish (604) between Nebuchadnezzar, then crown prince, and Pharaoh Necho, who would also have liked a share in the spoils of Assyria. Carchemish now disappears; the last important king of Judah had already perished at Megiddo (608) in a vain attempt to prevent the passage of the Egyptian army. Jerusalem was now subject to Babylon, and thither her people were carried captive when the city was destroyed after a further attempt at rebellion, again in alliance with Egypt. In the intervals of his wars, Nebuchadnezzar found time to make Babylon what Nineveh had once been—the most splendid city of its day (pp. 136–9). In the meantime Kyaxares finally destroyed Urartu, of which we hear no more, and by wars with the Lydian kings pushed his frontier in Asia Minor as far west as the Halys. He was succeeded by Astyages.

This state of affairs was suddenly upset by the rise to power of Cyrus, King of Anshan in Elam. As the Medes

and Persians were closely akin, his overthrow of the Median king was in one sense little more than a change of dynasty. But two factors combined to render his accession a landmark in history. One was his personal genius both for war and for organization. The other was the influence on and through him and his successors of the Zoroastrian conception of the king as the greatest servant of Ahuramazda and the cause of good, which for the first time made it a moral duty, on the one hand for the king to rule humanely and justly, and on the other for the subject to obey and serve loyally.

After the fall of Astyages, the first feat of Cyrus was the conquest of Croesus of Lydia (p. 132), who had made alliance with the kings of Egypt and Babylon against the newcomer, but began the war, and had to finish it, without the help of his allies. This victory led to the subjugation of the Ionian cities (p. 133). Next came the overthrow of Nabonidus, the last king of Babylon. He was by choice a scholar rather than a soldier, relying both in military and other matters upon his son Belshazzar; which probably accounts for the Jews' impression that the latter was king. The victory of Cyrus ended the Babylonian Captivity of the Jews (p. 138), and we may measure the appreciation of all the subject races of the new methods of government from the outburst of joy with which the prophets hailed the deliverer, whose right hand the Lord had holden, to subdue nations before him. Cyrus met his death while campaigning on his eastern frontiers, and Cambyses his son was left to deal with Egypt, the last survivor of the anti-Persian alliance. After an easy victory there he was crowned as Pharaoh. But while still in Egypt his mind apparently became unhinged, and he died from an unknown cause while returning to Persia to crush a revolt. On the arrival of the army from Egypt the "false Smerdis," a pretender who had seized the throne in Cambyses' absence, declaring

himself a son of Cyrus, was disposed of by Darius, a member of the royal house. He thus succeeded to the throne, and after suppressing several attempts at rebellion (p. 140), reigned for the most part in peace.

Under Darius, the organization of the Persian Empire was completed, and it seemed as though the ancient world had at last found stability under one centralized and efficient government. His reign thus formed the climax of a period. With the Ionic Revolt a new force appeared—the ideals of self-government and democracy, in preference to despotism, however wise and benevolent (pp. 150-51); and from that time a new chapter of history began.

II. NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS, WITH BIBLIOGRAPHY

As an "Introductory Chapter," originally planned, has had to be omitted, and its geographical and other contents have not been entirely absorbed into the narrative, I venture to add, for the use of teachers who are not specialists in the subject, or who are working out of reach of an adequate library, a few notes on special points, and some suggestions for supplementary work. I am quite aware that some of this material is not suitable for direct transmission to a class, as being too technical or difficult, but its presence in the teacher's mind will help to colour the oral work. For instance, in connection with Chapter I., I feel sure, from my own experience in teaching both history and geography, that too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of natural routes such as the Euphrates valley, in the absence of engineering technique and mechanical means of transport. That point, in addition to others, such as the wonderful craftsmanship involved in hollowing out by hand and with very imperfect tools, translucent bowls and vases in hard stone, and the whole question of the freedom of individual taste and creative self-expression which hand-manufacture, as distinct from mass-production in factories, permits, can be used to build up an idea of the possibility of real civilization without machinery, which is peculiarly valuable nowadays. Another feature of the mental background is the frank acceptance of the Old Testament as a human historical document, of unique value certainly, but with the limitations that that description implies. Two useful discussions of the point are in Driver's *Commentary on the Book of Genesis* (introduction), and the published Schweich Lecture for 1917,

Israel's Settlement in Canaan, by Professor Burney. A study of the scriptures in that light seems to the writer additional proof of the truth of Lord Acton's saying, that the modern scientific study of history is the most important intellectual movement since the Renaissance. In this connection I might add a reference to the distinction between spiritual religion and its non-ethical or magical aspect, common in ancient times and among undeveloped races ; it is indicated briefly on pp. 15-16, Chapter II., and p. 98, Chapter VI., and an intelligent class might wish to pursue the subject. Frazer's *Golden Bough* (now issued in an abridged form) and his other writings, are classics on the question, and there is a useful article on " Magic " in the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*.

The Bibliography, except for a few general works, is distributed among the notes on individual chapters. It does not of course pretend to be exhaustive, and few if any references to foreign books, or the publications of learned societies, are given.

GENERAL AUTHORITIES

- Baikie, *Life of the Ancient East*.
 Breasted, *Ancient Times*. (Written for schools.)
 Cambridge *Ancient History*, Vols. I. and II.
 Hall, *Ancient History of the Near East*.
 Helmolt, *The World's History*.
 Hogarth, *The Ancient East*. (Home University Library.)
 „ *The Nearer East*. (Geographical.)
 Huntingdon, *The Pulse of Asia*.
 Maspero, *Dawn of Civilization*.
 „ *Struggle of the Nations*.
 „ *Passing of the Empires*.
 Myres, *Dawn of History*. (Home University Library.)
 Perrot & Chipiez, *Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité*.
 Reinach, *Orpheus*.
 Articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.
 „ „ *Encyclopædia Biblica*.
 „ „ *Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible*.

Chapter I.

Special references : Driver's *Genesis* ; *Cambridge Ancient History*, Chapter V. ; Myres, *Dawn of History*, Chapter V. ; Demolins, *Comment la Route crée le Type Sociale* ; Minns, *Scythians and Greeks* ; Report on Excavations at Ur of the Chaldees, reprinted from the *Antiquaries Journal* of Oct., 1923, and obtainable from the British Museum ; additional articles appear from time to time in the Press ; any good account of the nomads of Turkestan, such as is given in many "human" geographies.

The chapter is mainly introductory, making use of a familiar figure as a link with others to be described.

p. 4 : The identification of "Amraphel, King of Shinar," with Hammurabi is usually accepted, though the political situation indicated in Genesis xiv. does not quite harmonize with our knowledge from other sources. The "Goyyim" are the foreigners *par excellence*—hordes of outsiders, Barbarians, Gentiles, as it is translated in Judges iv. 2, "Harosheth of the Gentiles."

p. 9 : With regard to natural routes, it should be noted that the Hellespont has never formed a barrier between Europe and Asia Minor, but rather a link.

Chapter II.

Special references : Goodspeed, *History of Babylonians and Assyrians* ; King, *History of Sumer and Akkad*, and *History of Babylon* ; King and Hall, *Egypt and Western Asia in the Light of Recent Research* ; Jastrow, *Civilizations of the Babylonians and Assyrians* ; Handcock, *Mesopotamian Archaeology* ; Cook, *The Laws of Moses and the Code of Hammurabi* ; King, *Letters of Hammurabi*, Vol. III. (English translation).

p. 14 : The temple-votaresses referred to were orders of women who took vows of celibacy, but were otherwise free to live very much as they liked, under certain regulations, e.g. to enter a beer-shop was forbidden them under pain of death. On entering such an order a woman received from her father such a dowry as he would have given her on her marriage, and with this capital she might engage in business.

"Irrigation-works as Training in Citizenship" is an idea that might be suggested in reading this chapter.

Chapter III.

Special references : *Annual of the British School at Athens*, chiefly Vols. VII. to XI. ; Hall, *Ægean Archæology* ; Burrows, *The Discoveries in Crete* ; Hawes, *Crete, the Fore-runner of Greece* ; Evans, *The Palace of Minos at Knossos* (deals so far only with earlier periods) ; Baikie, *Sea-Kings of Crete*.

This is the only chapter in which the names of the fictitious characters are not taken from original sources ; owing to the absence of any deciphered remains of the Minoan language, I have simply borrowed the names of inconspicuous people with Cretan connections from Homer and Herodotus.

p. 32 : A carpenter's kit was found hidden as described in a house at Gournia, the sack of which, according to some authorities, should not be placed within the same lifetime as that of Knossos. But the whole question of Cretan chronology is very vague as yet.

p. 36 : Children who have read, for example, Kingsley's *Heroes*, may have questions to ask concerning the Minotaur and the Labyrinth. But it should not be difficult to show how these legends grew up in the minds of the early Greek invaders as they wandered through the ruined palaces, particularly if they had already heard vague traditions of a king who offered captive victims in sacrifice to a god in the form of a bull (which is thought by some to be the origin of the bull-sports). Kingsley's description of the Labyrinth as a great cavern was of course written before the excavations in Crete were begun. It is now usually thought that the Labyrinth was the rambling palace itself.

p. 38 : "Keftiu" was at first usually identified with Crete itself, but the present trend of opinion seems to be that it was in south-west Asia Minor.

Chapter IV.

The amount of material is vast, and fortunately fairly accessible. Specially useful are Professor Breasted's one-

volume *History of Egypt*; Flinders Petrie's *History*, which gives extracts from original sources, useful lists of monuments, etc.; Erman's *Life in Ancient Egypt*, of which a new German edition has just appeared. The text of Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians* is out of date, but it contains a great number of good illustrations. The first part of Maspero's *Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria*, gives a vivid picture of XIXth Dynasty days.

Any child who is interested and would like to read further should be warned of the bewildering variety of the spellings of Egyptian names. Thothmes figures in various books as Thutmosis, Thutmose, Tethmose, Tethmosis, Tehutimes, Tahutmes; Amenhotep may be Amenhetep, Amenophis, Amenothis; Akhenaten is Ikhnaton, Khuenaten, Chuenaten, Khuniatonu; while a famous Pharaoh of the XIIth Dynasty varies from Usertesén through Senusert, Senusret, Sesostri, to Senwosri. There are plenty of other examples, and it is confusing at first. The variants are due to (a) the changes in speech-habits during the long career of Egypt; (b) the unscientific attempts of Greek tourists to reproduce the names they heard on their visits to Egypt, which form the basis of the literary tradition in the matter; (c) the practice, common to Egyptian and several other ancient languages, of writing down only the consonants, thus leaving the vowels to be inserted in the names discovered on monuments by modern Egyptologists "according to the taste and fancy of the speller," and his philological theories.

The dates of the Pharaohs mentioned may be useful: Thothmes III., c. 1500-1447; Amenhotep III., 1412-1376; Amenhotep IV. (Akhenaten), 1380-1362 (as frequently happened he reigned for a time jointly with his father); Tutankhamen 1360-1350. Rameses II., who appears in the following chapter, reigned from c. 1300 to 1234. The title "Pharaoh," it may be added, was quite unofficial, a respectful expression which avoided the use of the king's almost sacred name: derived from two words meaning "the great house." The royal names and titles, which were many, are always distinguishable on monuments by being enclosed in a flattened oval or "cartouche."

p. 47, lines 6-10: The ordinary hens were introduced

into Egypt about the time of Thothmes III., who mentions having brought from Syria birds "which lay an egg every day"; a picture of a cock at Luxor confirms this. They are often stated to have been unknown in Egypt till a much later date.

Chapter V.

The list of books in this case is short because those in English are still few, and much of the new material is still buried in learned periodicals and in the private notes of investigators. Sayce, *The Hittites*; Garstang, *Land of the Hittites*; Woolley, *Carchemish* (British Museum Report on the excavations there); the articles in *Wonders of the Past* (a publication which, quite apart from the text, is a mine of excellent illustrations), are almost all that can be named, though the list will no doubt soon grow longer.

Pronunciation of names: the dotted H=roughly Scotch or German "ch" (ich, loch); dotted S=roughly Z. These letters are usually printed \bar{H} and \bar{S} ; the simple dot has been adopted at Professor Garstang's suggestion, as being less distracting to children's eyes. Some print the aspirated H as Kh. In this connection it may be as well to draw attention to a distinction of name only recently established by research: Hatti, the country of the Hittites, Hattuşaş, their capital. The latter was known in classical times as Pteria, and the modern Turkish village on the site is Boghaz-Keui.

As the subject-matter of this chapter is the least familiar, the following sketch may be of service: The adventures of Akia (the name is that of a royal messenger from Babylon to Egypt, whose passport is all that has survived of him) begin in the reign of the diplomat Šubbiluliuma, who during temporary Egyptian weakness had revived, largely by intrigue, a North-Syrian empire such as his predecessors had held some centuries earlier (before 1800). He was succeeded by his elder son, whose reign was but short, and then by a younger son, Mursil III. (1330-1290), who has been called "the Hittite Napoleon." His early years were devoted to crushing, in a series of brilliant campaigns, his rivals and

rebellious vassals on the south and east, i.e. towards Armenia and on the south shores of Asia Minor. It was part of the Hittite state-system throughout to conclude elaborate treaties with their vassals and allies, of which that between Šubbi-liuma and Mattiuaza of Mitanni, from which the account of their meeting (pp. 76-7) is taken, is a good example, as well as the more famous one with Egypt later. Mursil's successor was Mutallu, into whose short reign (1290-1287) fell the battle of Kadesh, at which he was assisted by allies of European origin who appear later as allies of Troy during the great siege. Hattušil III., who came next, was the last important king of the northern Hittites, and during his reign danger was clearly at hand (p. 161). After the fall of Hatti, the traditions of the nation had a new lease of life in Carchemish, which had for some time previously been ruled by princes of the royal house; but there was a considerable non-Hittite element in the city.

p. 85 : The pet lion of Rameses II., which fought beside his chariot in battle, and slept outside his tent at night, is well authenticated.

Chapter VI.

Special books : G. Adam Smith, *Historical Geography of the Holy Land* ; Ball, *Light from the East* ; Macalister, *Bible Sidelights from the Mound of Gezer* ; Hugues Vincent, *Canaan* ; Jean, *Le Milieu Biblique* ; Peet, *Egypt and the Old Testament* ; three of the Schweich Lectures :—Driver, *Modern Research as Illustrating the Bible* ; Burney, *Israel's Settlement in Canaan* ; Macalister, *The Philistines ; Authority and Archæology*, ed. Hogarth.

There are several theories as to the date of the Exodus, the whole episode of the sojourn of the Hebrews in Egypt being unknown from any Egyptian source as yet discovered. The question is fully discussed in *Egypt and the Old Testament*.

It may be worth while, in connection with the small map, to draw attention to the important strategic position of Megiddo, controlling the passes between the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon, on the main line of an army's march northward from Egypt. Here Thothmes III. fell upon the Prince of

Kadesh (c. 1480) (p. 50), by a path later followed by Lord Allenby, and Josiah tried to oppose Pharaoh Necho (608) (p. 165). The fight against Sisera at Taanach took place close at hand. The neighbourhood has a monument to its reputation as a place of decisive battles in our word Armageddon.

Chapter VII.

Special books : Olmstead, *History of Assyria* ; Maspero, *Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria* ; and see under Chapter II.

p. 113 : The embassy from Ardys of Lydia brought congratulations on Ashur-bani-pal's defeat of the Cimmerians, and found him at the very height of his power—Egypt still nominally subject to him, Elam crushed, the revolt of his brother Shamash-shumukin of Babylon and his allies successfully put down, a state of peace with Urartu.

p. 121 : The Egyptian version of the "Destruction of Sennacherib" is given in *Herodotus*, Book II. cap. 141. The presence of the mice is interesting, in view of their connection, as germ-carriers, with pestilence. Cf. the plague among the Philistines, 1 Sam. vi.

p. 122, lines 23-7 : Ashur-bani-pal carried out this intention on the occasion of his triumph in 642.

p. 128 : Inflated skins are used by the natives to cross the Indus, in exactly the same way, at the present time.

Chapter VIII.

Material is rather scanty. Dhallas, *Zoroastrian Civilization* and the article on Persia in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* may be mentioned. Herodotus has been freely drawn on.

p. 134 : The date of Zoroaster is variously given : c. 1000 is the one adopted here.

pp. 150-51 : In connection with the political ideas discussed by the imaginary characters (based on Herod., III. 80, 81), the complete absence of representative institutions in the ancient world should be pointed out. The idea of a king's governing for the good of the governed was almost as new as that of self-government by the people.

The following are suggested as possible subjects for extra classes ; some, of course, involve visits to museums, etc., which are not within reach of every school : Pottery-making in its various aspects ; the development of writing (Breasted's *Ancient Times* will be very useful here) ; national styles and conventions in art ; lives and work of some of the great archæologists. Only lack of space has excluded a chapter on the latter subject, which should have dealt with Champollion's decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphics by means of the Rosetta Stone ; the work of Layard at Nineveh ; Rawlinson and the Behistun Inscription ; Schliemann's romantic fulfilment of his early dreams of discovering Homer's Troy ; the methods by which the fascinating work of restoring lost civilizations to the light of day is now carried on. The following references may be of service : *Cambridge Ancient History*, Vol. I. Chapter IV. (general sketch of progress) ; Budge, *The Mummy*, early chapter (decipherment of Rosetta Stone) ; Flinders Petrie, *Methods and Aims in Archæology* ; Masters, *The Romance of Excavation* (" popular ") ; Baikie, *A Century of Excavation in the Land of the Pharaohs* ; Articles in *Wonders of the Past*, e.g. " The Rock of Behistun," etc.

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